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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

BARBARISM IN MARYLAND.

From The Baltimore Sun.

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 17, 1860.

HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

MR. JACOBS, it will be recollected, was speaking on his bill in reference to the colored population when the cars left with my last report. The pending matter was the bill regulating manumission, and Mr. Burgess, of Charles, had moved to substitute Mr. Dennis's bill on this subject, which is less sweeping, as a substitute for Mr. Jacobs's. He opposed the substitute of course, as it leaves $72 per capita for each negro sent to Africa by the Colonization Society to the amount of $5,000 per annum, though withdrawing the regular appropriation of $10,000 per year independently thereof. Mr. Jacobs's bill withdraws the whole. His speech took a wide range, rehearsed the history of the slave trade, and gave a complete account of free-negroism in Maryland, and of its evils, and prescribed the remedy. The address was read from a voluminous manuscript, and altogether occupied about four hours and a half in its delivery.

Mr. Jacobs was very feeble on account of recent illness, but he said that he considered it a solemn duty devolving upon him to take the free negro question in hand, and he should treat it in the best manner he was able. It was his last effort; he would ventilate his views at some length; and if not sustained by the House, he would retire. After he had spoken about two hours and a half, the House took a recess until 4 1-2 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the members reassembled and Mr. Jacobs continued his speech.

One of the principal points, towards the discussion of which he directed the most of the attention of the House, was to impress upon the members the fact that he advanced no new theory of government for free blacks. All he desired was to collect all the old acts of Assembly now upon our statute-books, conform them to the present time, breathe new life into them, and make them conform to this and future ages. For every measure proposed in the bill reported by him as chairman of the committee on colored population, he found a precedent on the statute-books—laws which had either been repealed or had ceased to be enforced. These were carefully digested and made applicable to the free negro of the present time; he had spent years in the study of the subject, was as conversant with the situation of the free negro as any one, and thought the subject needed, and had long needed, legislation. The times now demanded it.

He proposed to sell the free negro into slavery. Many were startled at the proposition, and were ready to ask upon what authority he would adopt such stringent measures. The answer was to be found on our statute books. From time immemorial the laws have recognized the right to sell the free negroes back into slavery, though the right has never been maintained in a general sense. Mr. Jacobs then cited former laws, by which, for particular offences, free negroes were to be sold into slavery, and were to be banished from the State of Maryland. He maintained that Maryland had always reserved the power to sell the free negroes, and cited the statute-book to prove that a law had once existed by which they were all to be sent out of the State if manumitted after a certain time. These laws, though worn out and now dead, were sufficient to establish the point that the Legislature has the right and power to sell and banish free negroes and prevent their future manumission.

To come down to the present time and show authority for this course, he read extracts from the law of 1858, which authorizes and provides for the sale of this class of our population for the crime of larceny. If a negro steals a peck of corn, or anything else, he may be sold into slavery for life. Already 78 have been sold up to the present time, under the act. Four of them were sold into slavery for life, in Frederick County; yet he dared say, when the test was made, the gentleman from Frederick County would fly the track and not vote for his bill. Mr. Jacobs asked the sincere attention of all to this subject, fraught as it was with such vital interests. He puts the question to every one, if the law authorized the sale of the negro for a penal offence, was not our right to act in such a manner as clear as noon-day? Had we not always been possessed of such a right? No one would pretend to deny it.

Now, said he, you sell the free negro for a penal offence. I wish to have him sold, not for a crime; but as an act of humanity, as an act of charity, I confer the blessing of slavery upon him; place him in a situation where he can be fed, clothed and cared for. I take him out of his squalor and wretchedness, lift him up and make him a useful member of society. I do not wait until he violates the law before I put him into slavery, but, by supplying all his wants, remove the great temptation to violate the laws.

Mr. Jacobs then cited as another argument in his favor the act of '31, which provides for the removal of all freed negroes to Africa by the Colonization Society, and wound up his lengthly discourse by appealing to members for unbiased, unprejudiced action. He had made up his record so as to be able to stand before that Judge who searcheth all hearts, and who then saw the sincerity of his. In a matter like the present it became all to act as men, to act as patriots.

SOUTHSIDE VIEW OF A SLAVE AUCTION.

From The Charleston (S. C.) Correspondence of The Journal of Commerce.

IN Charleston, on most any day of the week, may be witnessed at the slave-mart those sales which are generally regarded as the most revolting feature of the "peculiar institution." How often wept are the woes of separated families; of tender children ruthlessly torn from doting parents; of sundered marriage ties; of human chattels in manacles, sold like cattle under the hammer! How many sentimental jeremiads and bitter reproaches against the South has the "hideous traffic in human flesh" called forth! Now, I would not abate one tittle of the truth respecting this, the most objectionable feature of slavery, nor palliate it in the least degree; yet one who has seen for himself can testify how egregiously mistaken are Northern men in their notions of these sales, and how different are the real facts from the imaginative picture above drawn. We need not reiterate the oft-repeated assertion that families are never separated except in peculiar cases; that it is a stipulation perfectly understood, that families are to be sold together; but it will surprise many to learn that the slaves often have the privilege of selecting their own purchasers, or, rather, of rejecting them if sufficient cause can be shown. But come with me to the slave-mart. Here are a score of blacks, of both sexes and different ages, dressed in their holiday attire, and arranged in order in a conspicuous place, and manifesting as much pride in regard to their personal appearance and qualifications as a company of soldiers drawn up for review. As statesmen, scholars and business men aspire to prominence in their several spheres, so there is ambitious rivalry among the negroes to exhibit their excellence in their individual attainments. Seldom are tears shed at these sales except such as the sorrow of separation from kind and long-tried masters ever compels, and their chief anxiety is as to who shall be their future owners. Here is Bob—a fine, intelligent-looking fellow, with a jovial face and a muscular frame that bespeaks the value of his services to whomsoever may become his fortunate possessor—and yonder is a thin, sharp-visaged gentleman whose bids for him are rising with each appeal of the auctioneer. Bob is an excellent physiognomist, and is well persuaded that his prospective master is an austere man, a Northerner doubtless, who will manifest his high estimation of his abilities by undue exactions in the field. Bob's face looks troubled, but a subterfuge presents itself.

"Please massa, I's a poor, lazy, good-for-nuthin, low-priced nigger. Old massa allers said I was no account, and didn't earn de bread I eat, nohow. I tell you, it's a awful bad speculation to buy dis nigger."

"How is this, Bob? Don't you want to go with this gentleman? I'll agree that he will make a first-rate master, and treat you well."

"O no, massa Thompson, I'd rather not go with him. You allers was kind to this boy, and it takes me mighty hard to go way, dat's a fact. I'd rather not go with him."

"Well, Bob, it shall be as you wish."

So Bob has his preference, and departs with a degree of satisfaction. Thus it is generally; for the master has often become greatly attached to his servants, and will grant them any privilege within his power, frequently refusing to sell them, even at great pecuniary inconvenience to himself.

Philosophically considered, the separation of families is not an overwhelming hardship—certainly not more painful to the black man than to the white. Circumstances more frequently compel the separation of the latter than the former; and if the one can return to visit his friends, so can the other; for the master is almost invariably liberal in this respect. Yet it is a singular fact that a desire to do so is seldom expressed by the slaves. Indeed, I have a friend here owning a girl whose mother lives but two miles distant; yet they have visited each other but once in two years! So much for the horrors of the slave-mart. This treatment of the negro could not be otherwise, for public opinion has decreed it, and beneficent laws compel it.

Selections.

MR. THOMPSON'S ANTI-SLAVERY ORATION.

From The Newcastle-on-Tyne Chronicle, of Feb. 9.

THE Lecture Room, Nelson street, last evening, was again filled by an audience of great respectability, for the purpose of hearing Mr. George Thompson's second anti-slavery lecture, which was entitled "The Present State of the Conflict between Freedom and Slavery in the United States, and the Cheering Aspects of the Anti-Slavery Cause, with the Duty of Great Britain on the Subject." Mr. John Mawson occupied the chair.

The CHAIRMAN remarked that he had been elevated to the position he occupied in consequence of the unavoidable absence of the Mayor. Considering the inclemency of the weather, and the various other attractions at present in existence in Newcastle, the numerous attendance that evening was an evidence that the old anti-slavery zeal for which this town had ever been distinguished was not yet dead. He exhorted them, however, not to let their exertions in this cause cease as soon as they had expressed sympathy with its advocates; but to work for the emancipation of the slave in as practical a manner as they possibly could. He then introduced the lecturer.

Mr. THOMPSON spoke as follows: The time will come (and may God hasten it!) when the inhabitants of Christendom will look back with horror and astonishment upon the state of things which now exists. Vessels, sailing under the flags of nominally Christian nations, carrying to the shores of nominally Christian countries cargoes of human beings, torn from their homes in heathen Africa, and sold as beasts of burden to men who have been baptized into the Christian faith! Seven millions of such persons, and their descendants, held in brutal bondage, and daily lashed to uncompensated toil; and four millions of these in the United States, the land of freedom, and independence, and republicanism; of Bibles, Sabbaths, Sunday-schools, missionaries, and revivals; but where infants are sold by weight from the scales of the slave-breeder, where female virtue lies prostrate before lustful tyranny; where it is death for the second offence of teaching a slave to read; where deliberate murder is beyond the reach of punishment; and where the gift of Divine grace but augments a man's value upon the auction-block. Such is the general aspect of slavery and the slave trade. We are assembled to-night to contemplate the present gigantic and terribly sublime struggle which is taking place in America between the antagonistic principles of slavery and freedom; a struggle, on the one side, for the maintenance of despotic power over the bodies, souls and actions of four millions stolen human beings; and, on the other, for the establishment of the right of man, without respect to color, or condition, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is a struggle between light and darkness, truth and falsehood, good and evil, Christ and Belial.

In the confederation of the original thirteen States, and the adoption of a Constitution for their Federal government, there was an attempt, for the first time, to embrace in one voluntary political system as many communities, including various populations, radically diverse in origin, pursuits, condition, races and character. It was, in fact, a confederacy of nations, almost as distinct as the nations of Europe. The Constitution agreed to was of the nature of a conspiracy between the opposing ideas of separate sovereignty and blended nationality. The fatal error committed by those who framed the Constitution was that of making it the perpetual and omnipotent bulwark of slavery, and of committing the free States through all future time, to its support; constituting them, indeed, the guardians and conservators of the system. "On this subject (says Dr. Channing) our fathers swerved from the right; we, their children, see the path of duty more clearly, and must walk in it. . . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong-doing. To this conviction the free States are tending." The growth, multiplication and extension of slave States in America has been steadily progressive. From five, they have become fifteen; and the slaves, who were 600,000 at the time of the Revolution, have become 4,000,000—a population exceeding that of the whole of the thirteen colonies, bond and free, when the Declaration of Independence was signed, on the 4th of July, 1776. From the time that George Washington ascended the Presidential chair until now, the domestic and foreign policy of the United States has been dictated and controlled by the slave States. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk and Taylor were slaveholders, and all but two were reëlected. John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren and Pierce were non-slaveholders, but were never reëlected; and while they were in power were subservient to the slave oligarchy of the South. No man, before the last election, ever had a chance of elevation, or was so much as nominated by any great political party, until he had prostrated himself in the dust before the South, and vowed perpetual allegiance to the foul demon of slavery. For more than seventy years there has been an attempt to harmonize two radically distinct social states, and to make them move smoothly onwards under one common form of government. It has been as if ancient and modern Europe had joined hands—had been yoked to draw in the same harness, and plough in the same field. For better for worse, on the basis of a compromise which ignored and annihilated the rights of a portion of the children of the soil, the slave-holding and non-slaveholding States were committed by the act of union to a common destiny. The result reads to us and all mankind a lesson. It shows how unstable the best-devised superstructure of government is which rests for its foundation on injustice, proscription and wrong. The Constitution of the United States contained the seminal principle of another revolution. It might as well have been founded upon the atheistical proposition, "There is no God," or upon the principle that "man has no rights," as upon an agreement to hold in everlasting slavery a portion of the home-born population of the soil, and to bind their successors to the latest generation by the unholy, God-defying and inhuman compact. Had not the framers and signers of that Constitution just come victoriously out of a bloody war with the sovereign and imperial Parliament of the mother country, waged in resistance to unjust taxation? Had they not carried with them through that war the sympathies of a large part of the civilized world? Had they not based their assertion of independence upon the self-evident truth that "all men are free and equal," and that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and should be resisted unto death? Was it not a colored man who first baptized the cause of American liberty in his own blood? Did not the colored man stand shoulder to shoulder with the white man in the ranks of death, when Washington led his raw recruits against the King's troops? And was it consistent with principle, or honor, or gratitude, or reason, or humanity, or the law of God, when conquest and independence had crowned the revolutionary struggle, to sit down and deliberately attempt to cement a union by the sacrifice of the birthright of 600,000 of their fellow-creatures, and that of their posterity forever? It was a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell. It cannot stand.

I am not ignorant of the arguments which are employed in defence of those who framed the Constitution. It was, say they, a political necessity. They had to unite in a common bond, States and communities with essentially different characteristics. It had to be elastic, or it would have burst; and hence the series of expediencies and compromises by which it is distinguished. There were two types of society, radically distinct, to be reconciled and united. In one region, as regarded the governing class, a society formed after the old feudal, or even Roman, model. The business of production being given over to a servile and enslaved race, while their masters made politics their business, and war their ambition; exhibiting equal boldness and skill in the first, and an eager readiness to engage in the second. In another region, a society devoted to industrial, commercial and trading pursuits, with an ambition that lay only in the direction of the sciences and the arts of peace. Great mutual concessions, therefore, say they, were required, or the band must have been sundered. It would have been better for America, for the cause of liberty, and for the world, if it had been severed, when the war was over, than that the previous federation should have become a Union that could not in its nature be perpetual, founded upon a guilty compromise of the inalienable rights of man, and a violation of the immutable laws of God. The best apology for the revolutionary patriots who yielded to the demands of the South, and so flagrantly outraged at once their principles and their convictions, is that they did not foresee the tremendous evils which their compromise would occasion. They dreamed that when the slave trade terminated, the era of emancipation would dawn. Such was the delusion of Wilberforce and Clarkson, and such was the hope and belief of Hancock, Adams and Gerry. But when they thought they were sowing the seeds of peace, unity and freedom, they were sowing a deadly upas tree, whose blighting shade was to fall upon their children's children. Unwittingly they took the most effectual means to insure a future war of opinion, if not of blood, among their descendants, and to bring about a disintegration of those States which they blindly thought they had bound together in indissoluble amity.

Time would fail in the attempt to recount the aggressions of the Slave Power upon new territory, its encroachments upon the rights of the people of the free States, its monopoly of the places and emoluments of the Federal government, its nullification of the laws of Congress, its establishment of lynch law, and its thousand other manifestations of the spirit of despotism. I must refer, however, to the intention, recently made manifest both in words and deeds, of the Southern States to reöpen and revive, with all its horrors and iniquities, the atrocious system of the foreign slave trade.

The picture presented to our contemplation in the present aspect of affairs in the South is gloomy and dispiriting, and we turn to the North for signs of encouragement and hope. In that direction we do not look in vain. We find there a spirit of antagonism to slavery, daily increasing in extent, intensity and power. The growth of this spirit has been gradual, and it is yet far from universal; but the anti-slavery leaven is at work, and cannot fail to spread till it has leavened the whole lump. When I look back to the state of things when I first landed in America, in 1834, and the state of things in 1860, the contrast is indeed striking between now and then. Happy am I to know that those with whom I then associated, who were the first to bear aloft the banner of immediate emancipation, are still in the front ranks of the "irrepressible conflict," at this moment so fiercely waging between the foes and friends of liberty; and that to their labors, with the labors of those who subsequently joined them, is owing the wide regeneration of public sentiment which is now witnessed in the free States. All honor to the matchless courage and heroic devotion of men like William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Edmund Quincy; and of women like the Chapmans, Westons, Lucretia Mott, and Lydia Maria Child! It would require more time than I can now command to sketch the progress of the anti-slavery movement in the United States, or to measure the results already accomplished by that movement. Its onward march has encountered at every stage the combined opposition of the Church, the State, and the mercantile interests of the country; but over all impediments it has fought its way to the convictions and the hearts of the people. It has been sought to put down the leaders of this movement by the cries of recklessness, infidelity and treason; but the people have recognized them as the champions of justice, equal human rights, and the religion of Him who gave a gospel of liberty to the world. The original pioneer in this great struggle, on whose head a price was set, and who, twenty-five years ago, was dragged by a halter through the streets of Boston, is now received with reverence and greeted with applause, in every meeting of his fellow-citizens, while the Legislature of his native State is compelled to bow to the public opinion he has created. The infamous Fugitive Slave law, which spread such terror through the free States, is now practically a dead letter, and is execrated and defied by those who were called upon to "conquer their prejudices" and obey its inhuman provisions with "alacrity." Instead of assisting to capture fugitive slaves, the free States are now enacting laws to visit with condign punishment any man, even the highest judicial functionary in the land, who shall dare to lay hands on a man on the pretence that he is the property of another. Abolitionists, instead of being, as once they were, left defenceless to the mercies of an infuriated mob, have now the protection of the municipal authorities, and in Philadelphia and New York meetings of sympathy with the objects of the late Capt. Brown have been attended by bodies of the police, to prevent interruption and disorder. The newspaper press of the free States, once universally opposed to the agitation of the anti-slavery question, is now found assisting that agitation, while those papers which are most outspoken and bold in their denunciations of the Southern system command the widest circulation among all classes of readers. But a few years ago, the political sentiment of the country was divided between two parties, and alike ready to do the bidding of the slaveholding oligarchs of the South. Now, the political party numerically the strongest in the country is the Republican or Free Soil organization. The party is the creation of the anti-slavery sentiment of the free States, and has displaced the Whig, Democratic and Know-Nothing parties that previously have alternately had predominant sway. It is the embodiment of political anti-slavery feeling. It must not be supposed, however, that the Republican party aims at the abolition of slavery by legislative action. Republicans are Unionists. They take the oath to observe and uphold the Constitution; and their objects are limited by the powers given to Congress by the Constitution. They would, if true to their platform and professions, repeal the Fugitive Slave law of 1850; they would abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; they would prohibit the inter-State slave trade, and prevent the revival of the foreign slave trade; they would put a stop to the practice of taking free colored persons from Northern vessels going into Southern ports, of imprisoning them, and selling them to pay their jail fees. They would punish these acts as infractions of the constitutional rights of citizenship; they would also refuse admission to any new slave State into the Union, and would prevent the extension of slavery in the Territories subject to the General Government. None of these measures touch slavery itself. Besides this political party, there is a non-political party, of which Mr. Garrison is the founder and the head. The adherents of this party cannot vote, for the reason that they cannot elect a man to an office, which he cannot assume until he has taken an oath to support the Constitution—which Constitution guarantees to the slaveholder his rights of property in human beings, and pledges the power of the Federal Government to the defence of those rights. By this party the Constitution is denounced as an unholy and iniquitous compact, which must be dissolved as the first effectual step towards the overthrow of slavery. Hence they are avowedly disunion, and inscribe upon their flag "No Union with slaveholders"; "No compromise with slavery." They do not obstruct political anti-slavery action, but they do not coöperate in it further than by the dissemination of their own high, uncompromising principles in accordance with their settled views of what is right and necessary, they seek the separation of the free from the slave States. They acknowledge and obey a law higher than the Constitution, the law of God, and demand in the name of that higher law that the Constitution of the United States should be either brought into conformity to it or forever annulled. They are for the most part non-resistants, and rely for success upon the influence of opinion and the ultimate omnipotence of truth. They are the fountain-head of those streams which have gone forth to renovate the public sentiment of the land. A passage in an American religious periodical expresses my idea of the position they occupy: "We regard the American Anti-Slavery Society as Napoleon did the Old Guard. They are to the movement what the north star is to the heavenly constellations that revolve around it as the axis. There is not a single regiment in the anti-slavery host that does not keep its eye fixed on the Garrisonians. However else we may disagree on the *quo modo*, there is perfect agreement on this, that courage, perseverance and unfaltering faithfulness to the slave are their characteristics." With this party it has been my privilege for five-and-twenty years to coöperate, and, with ever-increasing admiration of their disinterestedness and fidelity, I still regard them as the only party in America who, with consistency, singleness of purpose, and in the true spirit of the Gospel of Christ, are carrying on the work of immediate emancipation. Mr. Thompson, at considerable length, dwelt upon the interest and duty of the people of this country to apply the influence of their literature, trade, dominion and religion to the abolition of slavery and the slave trade, and sat down amidst loud applause.

The Chairman, in concluding the meeting, read some startling incidents from a letter by Lydia Maria Child, in *The Liberator*, which produced a deep sensation on the audience. He then paid a high tribute of respect to the eloquence, zeal and devotion which Mr. Thompson had so long manifested in his labors to redeem his oppressed and enslaved fellow-creatures, and concluded by referring to a glorious gathering held in that hall in 1846, which was addressed by William Lloyd Garrison. After three cheers for Mr. Thompson, the meeting separated.

SENATOR SEWARD'S SPEECH.

MR. GARRISON'S REVIEW.

From The Liberator, March 9th.

THIS speech greatly disappoints us; not on the score of rhetorical skill, or power of condensation, or clearness of statement, or historical accuracy, for it is a very creditable performance in these particulars; but because it evinces, throughout, the adroit, calculating, heartless politician, rather than the wise, courageous, far-seeing statesman. It has no pulsations of life, no throbbings of humanity; it is wholly destitute of moral feeling and purpose. Instead of reasserting the doctrine of an "irrepressible conflict" between Freedom and Slavery, it is a laborious attempt to show that there need be no collision—certainly no unfriendly collision—between these forces, and that there is no reason why they may not remain in juxtaposition without heat or jealousy, *ad infinitum!*

This, indeed, takes us by surprise. True, we have never regarded Mr. Seward as other than the incarnation of political circumspection—cold in blood, cautious in action, wholly indisposed to anything like "ultraism" in any direction; but we have been led to believe that his love of political elevation was subordinate to his self-respect and firmness of character, and that, while not particularly inclined to make an advance movement, he could neither be intimidated by his enemies, nor flattered by his friends, nor bribed by the hope of preferment, to yield one inch of the ground on which he had rightly planted his feet. But the temptation which proved too powerful for Mr. Webster is seducing Mr. Seward to take the same downward course; and his recent speech, when closely analyzed, will be seen to be but little, if any better than Mr. Webster's seventh of March speech, 1850. Its effect will be highly detrimental to the moral sentiment of the North on the subject of slavery; whereas it was in the power of Mr. Seward, by a vigorous and lofty enforcement of the great doctrine embodied in his Rochester speech, to have kindled that sentiment to an electric flame, which would have swept through all the non-slaveholding States with irresistible power. He has gone backward, and gone down, and he will drag many along with him; and self-recovery, under such circumstances, is scarcely ever possible. No marvel, therefore, that the Boston *Courier* (which, till now, has been particularly hostile to Mr. Seward) declares—"Moderate men will rejoice in the general tone of this speech; in its dispassionate expressions, and calm, decorous, and often even lofty style of thought. . . His views . . . exhibit no fanatical spirit. Let this example be followed, and the danger of the Republic will speedily pass away"! What that complimentary language means from such a rancorous pro-slavery sheet as the *Courier* needs no elucidation.

What a thrilling effect would have been produced upon the whole country if Mr. Seward had commenced his recent effort as follows: "In a speech which I delivered at Rochester on the question now, as then, agitating the Republic, I declared that there was an irrepressible conflict between free institutions and slave institutions, and I am here to repeat the declaration"! Instead of this, mark how different his exordium: "In coming forward among the political astrologers, it shall be *an error of judgment*, and not of disposition, if my interpretation of *the feverish dreams* which are disturbing the country shall tend to foment, *rather than to allay*, the national excitement"! Here is "the step from the sublime to the ridiculous"—"roaring like a sucking-dove," and not like a lion! What! is not the conflict between Freedom and Slavery real, inevitable, exterminating—but made up only of "feverish dreams"! Again:

"It will be an overflowing source of shame, as well as of sorrow, if we, thirty millions—Europeans by extraction, Americans by birth or discipline, and Christians in faith, and meaning to be such in practice—cannot so combine prudence with humanity, in our conduct concerning the one disturbing subject of slavery, as not only to preserve our unequalled institutions of freedom, but also to enjoy their benefits with contentment and harmony."

A very plain denial of the doctrine of "the irrepressible conflict," as a necessity! "Thirty millions—Christians in faith, and *meaning to be such in practice*"! What sort of a Christianity does the South exemplify or aim at but a slave-breeding, slave-trading and slavery-eternizing Christianity?

"Labor, either of freemen or *slaves*," says Mr. Seward, "is the cardinal necessity of society." There is no such necessity nor alternative. Slave labor is criminal, coerced, unrequited, degrading, unnatural labor, and no plea of "necessity" for it is to be admitted for one moment.

Mr. Seward gives us a new coinage of words. He wishes to be soft and fair-spoken to the slave-driving South; and so he designates the slave States as "capital States," and the free States as "labor States"! Quite as ingenious as slaveholders calling slavery "the peculiar institution"!

Speaking of the formation of the Constitution of the United States, he admits that, as touching the slave system, "THE FATHERS COMPROMISED AT LAST. Three-fifths of the slaves were to be represented and taxed as persons. What should be done if the slave should escape into a [free] labor State? THEY COMPROMISED AGAIN"—and decided that he might be pursued and captured. Moreover, "slaves might be imported [from Africa, as they were for twenty years] into the States.' And the result of these compromises has been an increase of the slave population eight fold—the subversion of all the constitutional rights of the people of the North—the unbroken rule of a slave oligarchy over the whole land, even unto this day!

John Quincy Adams has stated this in yet more emphatic language. He says:

"It cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity for twenty years of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons. . . . The freemen of the North, *reduced to the alternative of departing from the vital principle of their liberty, or of forfeiting the Union itself*, averted their faces, and with trembling hand subscribed the bond.

"In the articles of confederation, there was no guarantee for the property of the slaveholder—no double representation of him in the federal councils—no power of taxation—no stipulation for the recovery of fugitive slaves. But when the powers of *government* came to be delegated to the Union, the South—that is, South Carolina and Georgia—refused their subscription to the parchment, till it should be saturated with the infection of slavery, which no fumigation could purify, no quarantine could extinguish. The freemen of the North gave way, and the deadly venom of slavery was infused into the Constitution of freedom.

"*The bargain between Freedom and Slavery, contained in the Constitution of the United States*, is MORALLY AND POLITICALLY VICIOUS, inconsistent with the principles on which alone our revolution can be justified, cruel and oppressive by riveting the chains of slavery, *by pledging the faith of freedom to maintain and perpetuate the tyranny of the master*, and grossly unequal and impolitic, by admitting that slaves are at once *enemies to be kept in subjection, property to be secured and returned to their owners, and persons not to be represented themselves, but for whom their masters are privileged with nearly a double share of representation*. The consequence has been that this slave representation has governed the Union. Benjamin's portion above his brethren has ravined as a wolf. In the morning he has devoured the prey, and in the evening has divided the spoil."

From this view of the Constitution, the nation has never once dissented since its formation—no part of the nation has ever dissented—but it has been thus construed and carried out literally, universally, inexorably, unchangeably, up to this hour; therefore it is that we have branded it as "A COVENANT WITH DEATH" which must be annulled, and "AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL" which cannot stand; and therefore it is that we inscribe upon our banner, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS"!

It is remarkable what gingerly phrases (not less deceptive than gingerly) Mr. Seward resorts to, throughout his speech, to hide his real meaning. For example—he says the Missouri debate "disclosed that it is easy to combine the capital [meaning the slave] States in defence of even *external interests* [meaning the extension and perpetuity of their horrible slave system]—while it is hard to unite the labor [meaning the free] States in a *common policy* [meaning the preservation of liberty and non-extension of slavery]—that the labor States have a natural loyalty to the Union, while the capital States have *a natural facility* [meaning a factious and treasonable method] for alarming that loyalty by threatening disunion." Only "a natural facility"—that is all! What jesuitical facility is this on the part of Mr. Seward!

Look, again, at Mr. Seward's language: "Clay and Webster, the *distinguished* citizens *whose unquestionable devotion to the Union was manifested by their acquiescence in the compromise of* 1850, had gone down already to *their honored graves*"! Dealing in compliments like these, of what avail is the complaint of Mr. S., that, 'over the face of the whole world, there is not to be found one representative of our country who is not an apologist of the extension of slavery"? Why is not this, also, an evidence of "unquestionable devotion to the Union"?

Here is another extraordinary statement of Mr. Seward:

"The world, prepossessed in our behalf by our early devotion to the rights of human nature, as no nation ever before engaged its respect and sympathies, asks, in wonder and amazement, what all this demoralization means? It has an excuse, better than the world can imagine, better than we are generally conscious of ourselves, a *virtuous excuse* (!). We have loved not freedom so much less, but the Union of our country so much more (!). We have been made to believe, from time to time, that, in a crisis, both of these precious institutions could not be saved together, and therefore we have, from time to time, surrendered the safeguards of freedom to propitiate *the loyalty of capital* (!), and stay its hands from doing violence to the Union."

"A virtuous excuse" for pursuing a course directly tending to utter national demoralization! What moral jargon! We have loved the Union more than liberty, and been willing to surrender the safeguards of freedom "to propitiate the loyalty of capital" [meaning a brutal, bloated, murderous slave oligarchy], and this constitutes "a virtuous excuse" on our part, which an astonished world is respectfully requested to take full cognizance of! With his recognition of the slaveholding compromises of the Constitution, what does Mr. Seward mean when he says that "both of these institutions [Liberty and the Union] can be saved together"? By what political or moral legerdemain is this possible?

Speaking defensively for the Republican party, Mr. Seward says—"I know of only *one* policy which it has adopted or avowed—namely, the saving of the Territories of the United States, if possible, by constitutional and lawful means, from being the homes for slavery and polygamy." When or where that party has made any distinctive issue with polygamy, more than the Democratic party, we do not know: the statement is obviously made for popular effect. "Only *one* policy"—not the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, where it now exists by the consent and approval of Mr. Seward and his party; not the abolition of the revolting domestic slave trade; not the repeal, or even modification, of the Fugitive Slave law; not the prohibition of Slavery in any of the Territories—but only to save them, if possible, from its establishment upon their soil; so that if they determine not to incorporate it into their State organizations, their wishes shall be consulted—which is to leave no issue in Congress at all; for we see no intimation in this speech of any purpose or wish, by the Republican party, to resist the admission of any new slave State into the Union. And, indeed, how can that party make any such resistance, on conscientious grounds, as a matter of principle, seeing it gives its sanction and support to fifteen slave States already in the Union? In fact, that party has virtually yielded to the atrocious dogma of "popular sovereignty," as inculcated by Senator Douglas; being willing, like himself, that the people of every Territory should decide in favor of slavery, or against it, for themselves, and only asking that they may be allowed entire freedom of choice.

But our space is filled, and yet by far the most objectionable features of this speech—its disparagement of the colored race—its monstrous assertion that the slaves at the South are among the admirers of the Union—its exaltation of Carolina over England or any other foreign State—its treatment of John Brown and his freedom-seeking enterprise—its promise that the North will ever stand ready to assist the South to arrest and execute all such as may imitate Brown's example—&c. &c.—remain to be commented upon in detail in another number. Senator Seward, it is incomparably better to be true to the cause of liberty than to be President of the United States!

REIGN OF TERROR AT THE SOUTH.

A METHODIST CLERGYMAN IMPRISONED.

From The Albany Evening Journal, March 7.

WE have to-day to add another to the already long catalogue of outrages on the liberty of speech, committed in behalf of slavery.

Rev. Mr. Howe, a Methodist clergyman in Harrison County, Missouri, was challenged by a Kentuckian neighbor to debate the slavery question. He accepted the challenge in good faith, and the debate took place, with no unusual circumstances, about six miles from Bethany, the county seat. Immediately afterwards, Mr. Howe was arrested. A man owning $3,000 worth of slaves had made affidavit that he was "an Abolitionist," and demanded his incarceration in the penitentiary. A prosecution so evidently malicious and absurd did not alarm Mr. Howe until his return to town, when he found that all the lawyers, with one exception, had *combined* to refuse to defend him. Out of this combination were selected W. G. Lewis, Circuit Attorney, and J. W. Wyatt to conduct the prosecution. The one exception was O. L. Abbott, Esq., a native of this State, and a graduate of the Albany Law School. He undertook Mr. Howe's defence, but was allowed no time for preparation. Notwithstanding he offered in behalf of the prisoner any amount of bail, and asked that the examination might be postponed, he was compelled to go on immediately, without having had an hour's time to ascertain the nature of the case or obtain evidence, and that too in regard to an offence hitherto unknown to the record of crime!

During the examination, the court sustained every objection made by the prosecuting attorneys to questions which were all important to the interests of the defence. The defendant was required to produce all the testimony in his defence in writing, &c. &c. &c. The Court, however, the Judge, for his own convenience, having other business coming on in the morning, consented to a postponement for two days. In the meantime, all the influences that could be exerted to embarrass the defence were resorted to.

When the trial was resumed, the town was filled with people from all parts of the county. The large court-room was densely crowded. The evidence closed late in the afternoon. Mr. Abbott summed up his case, assisted, since no lawyer would assist him, by Rev. John S. Allen, who, though a slaveholder himself, was not willing to see his town disgraced by such tyranny against free speech. Judge Lewis followed in a fanatical pro-slavery tirade against the prisoner, his counsel, "incendiaries" and "Abolitionists" in general, and the case was submitted for decision.

That decision will be looked for with interest, even at this distance from the scene. The crime with which Mr. Howe is charged is defined as "uttering words, the tendency of which is to excite any slave to insolence and insubordination" [Missouri R. S., vol. 1, p. 536], although it was shown on evidence that there was not a negro, bond or free, within two miles of the place of debate! The penalty for this offence is five years' imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary.

During and since the trial, threats have been freely made of "tar and feathers" against the prisoner's counsel and various attempts made to intimidate and drive him from the place.

EIGHTY LASHES ON A CLERICAL BACK.

Correspondence of The Milwaukee Free Democrat.

MADISON, Wisconsin, Feb. 8th, 1860.

IN my letter of yesterday I made brief mention of the case of William Blunt, of Green County, who had been maltreated in Texas, during a recent visit to that State. This morning the memorial appears on the Senate Journal, and I find it so interesting that I copy the substantial portions of it. It is a good document and eminently democratic; for, surely, a man who has voted the Democratic ticket for a third of a century, and "sustained the views of that party to the best of his ability at all times," ought to be able to produce a paper that will pass muster in any Democratic court. After making some preliminary statements, he goes on to say:

"Your memorialist further represents that, on the 17th day of May last, he left Green County aforesaid with a view of seeking a location in Texas, and, if one should be found, of removing thereto this season; that on arriving in Grayson County, Texas, your memorialist was taken sick with fever; that while there, and in an unsuitable state of health to travel much, he met Mr. Francis Emerson, a citizen of Green County, Wisconsin, who was carrying on a hardware store and the tanning business in Dallas, Dallas County, Texas, some eighty miles distant; that, at his solicitation, your memorialist went to Dallas, where he arrived about the 24th of July. On the 7th of August, your memorialist went to a religious meeting, held at a place about four miles from Dallas, by a Rev. Mr. Royal. Your memorialist here would say that he has been for about twenty-nine years a professor of religion, and for the same time a licensed minister of the Christian Church (commonly denominated Campbellites), and for nearly the whole of that time he has been in the habit of preaching on the Sabbath day. While at the meeting of the Rev. Mr. Royal, near Dallas, he met with an old acquaintance, Rev. S. McKinney, who having introduced him to the people, he was persuaded to preach on the following Saturday evening and Sunday at a Mr. Walker's house, some five miles from Dallas.

"On the Sabbath, while at Walker's, he was requested by the Church to preach at a Mr. Brannom's, and the next Sabbath to fill an appointment made by Mr. McKinney, at Mr. Runyon's house, about three miles from Georgetown, and was also requested to fill an appointment of McKinney's at Frenchtown; but, learning that there was a feeling existing at Dallas against Mr. McKinney, because of an allegation, believed to be entirely untrue, that he, McKinney, had preached abolition sentiments, he withdrew his appointment. The state of health of your memorialist was such that he became dissatisfied with the country and resolved to return home, together with Mr. McK., who resided in Iowa. We then engaged a man, residing near Dallas, to take us, on the 23d of August, two hundred miles, to a village in the Indian territory, called Bo

of Mr. Vandoorn, I could not give the answer they wanted. They took me about a quarter of a mile into the woods and hanged me. I caught the tree, but by beating my hands with sticks they compelled me to let go my hold. Soon I was senseless. When I came to again, I left two persons, one on each side, whipping me with whips or cowhides. My hands were tied to the tree above my head and I was entirely naked. The night was very cold, and soon my back was covered with a crust of frozen blood. I became weaker; and when they untied me, I fell to the ground. I heard one of them say, "Now you can go, you son of a —!" When I put on my clothes again, I found my money ($128 in gold) and watch gone. As I could not staud, I crawled, as well as possible, to the house of my father-in-law, where Dr. Niemeyer treated me.

My brother, whom they had released, told me that they must have abused me for more than an hour.

I again say that I am as innocent of the charge as a child, and have never aided the escape of slaves.

The American (Mattie) is still in LaGrange, sick from a similar treatment. FREDERIC SCHALLER.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN MISSOURI.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: In *The Tribune* of Jan. 6 you publish a letter of mine to Mr. Anthon, of New York, which has caused great excitement here, and subjected me and others to much abuse.

My son, Robert Milliken, graduated last June at Antioch College, in Ohio, and established a school here the 6th day of last month, and was doing well. He gave general satisfaction until my letter to Mr. Anthon was published in the paper here. Suspicion was fastened on him as the author of the letter, and the pro-slavery men, alias the Democrats, commenced threatening to break up his school. His assistant, a young man by the name of Ira Chamberlain, was violently assaulted at a public meeting, and struck a blow on the head. Notwithstanding I came out and avowed myself the author of the letter, and they poured out a flood of abuse on me, they do not abate their persecution of my son.

Yesterday, a Methodist clergyman called upon him, and told him that money would not hire him (the clergyman) to stand in my son's place; for, said the clergyman, your life is in danger. I hope and trust that he was mistaken. I am sure that if whiskey were let alone, there would be no danger. I have been informed by some Free-State men, who have not openly avowed their Free-State sentiments, and consequently mingle with the pro-slavery squads who are engaged in discussing this matter, that the pro-slavery men threaten to make me leave the State. What the result will be is difficult to conjecture; but I think they will hardly carry matters thus far. Still, it is hard to say what men will not do when intoxicated with modern Democracy and pro-slaverydom.

I live out of town, and have had nothing to say on political matters since I came here, for the reason that all my time has been employed in improving my farm, having made improvements costing over $2,000. It is true, when asked what party I acted with, I have answered with the Republican, which is nearly enough to forfeit all rights as a citizen. So, there is no feeling against me except for my politics, and this letter to Mr. Anthon.

At a public meeting held at the court-house in Kirksville, the Democrats read extracts from the Compend and denounced the book and me in no measured terms. What I regretted the most was, they read extracts that I could not indorse. They were too strong for the Republican platform. When I get the book and read it for myself, and not have it dealt out to me in garbled extracts, it may put a different face on these passages. They could hardly find words strong enough to show their hatred to that part of the book that advises non-slaveholders not to patronize slaveholders, and all who indorsed such procedure by circulating the book. Now, the very next morning these same men went to work in good earnest to break up my son's school, who had circulated no Compends, but simply because I had written that letter, and that he was an anti-slavery man. They have succeeded in driving half of the scholars from his school. To show the strong efforts they made to break up his school, I will here copy a letter that he received from one of his patrons:

"MR. ROBERT MILLIKEN.—*Dear Sir:* It is with regret that I take my son from your school. It is not because of your political views, or any disrespect I have for you or any of the family, but I want to live in friendship with all men, and my friends are falling out with me. I could not send him much longer anyhow. To save difficulty with other men, I will take him away. Don't think hard of me.

"Yours with respect."

The author of the letter told a neighbor that he was in danger of being mobbed if he did not take his son out of school. Look into these statements and you can see the men who are so shocked and outraged at Helper's advice to non-slaveholders not to patronize slaveholders.

Slavery has crushed the spirit of '76 in all the slave States. Since I came to Missouri, I have been astonished to see the restraint it exercised over free labor men from the free States. To hear them say, "I know that slavery is a curse, but it will not do to say so publicly," makes one feel that the patriots of the Revolution bled in vain for the rights secured to us in the Constitution of the United States, for their unworthy posterity are about to yield them up to satisfy the demands of slavery.

Yours truly, T. P. MILLIKEN.

Kirksville, January 28, 1860.

MORE SOUTHERN FANATICISM.

THE *Enterprise* (Mississippi) *News* of the 21st inst. has the following:

On Monday last Marshal McDonald brought before the Vigilance Committee two men, named Manchester and Bishop. About 1st of December last the Vigilance Committee examined two young men who were procuring subscriptions to the American Cyclopædia. It was charged on them that they had been tampering with slaves. The committee not deeming the evidence against them sufficient to authorize summary punishment, they were discharged, with the injunction to leave the State, and to abandon their agency, and inform the publishers or their agents that the book should not be delivered in this county, the committee at that time thinking they were agents for Appleton's "New American Cyclopædia," which had been condemned by Mr. Pryor, and which was regarded by the committee as being incendiary in its tendency.

The two men, Manchester and Bishop, notwithstanding the warning given to Smith and Tilden, undertook them, whereupon they were arrested, and upon examination was found in their possession a book entitled "Cotton is King," which, after a careful perusal by Dr. W. S. Price, R. S. Wier, and ourself, who were appointed a committee for that purpose, reported the book as being incendiary and of a dangerous character.

It was further shown in evidence against them that they had sold and circulated said book in this county and Newton. After much discussion as to what action the committee should take in the premises, the vote was taken, when six present voted to turn them over to the authorities, and five voted to treat them to a coat of tar and feathers. The majority ruling, they were then turned over to R. T. Kennedy, Esq., who committed them to the county jail, to answer at the spring term of our Circuit Court.

A strong feeling on the part of the citizens to tar and feather them was manifested, and, as for our part, we think that the proper way to deal with such men. The books were burned in the street.

A CHIVALROUS DEMONSTRATION.

From The Washington (Pa.) Tribune.

ALBERTIS PATTERSON, a citizen of West Finley township, in this county, happened to be at Hainsytown, a small village in Virginia, situated near the line that divides that State from this county, on or about the 25th ult., and was accosted by three of the chivalrous citizens of that region, named Seaton, Caldwell and Wherry, and interrogated as to his political opinions. He replied that he was a Know-Nothing, when his interrogators charged him with being a "Black Republican or Abolitionist," and asked him if he did not sympathize with John Brown. To this he answered that he *was* a Republican; and as for John Brown, he "believed that Gov. Wise was as big a fool as he was." Upon making this declaration, he was violently seized by Seaton and Caldwell, a rope was procured, looped and thrown around his neck, and the desperadoes immediately proceeded to strangle him, which they most unquestionably would have succeeded in doing had it not been for the interference of two men, named Armstrong and Bomer, who happened to be on the street at the time. When Patterson was rescued from his brutal assailants, his face was black from strangulation, and his neck bruised and discolored by the abrasion of the rope.

The scoundrels, we are sorry to say, escaped unpunished; but should any such demonstrations be made in future by the chivalry of that region we are assured the ruffians will be hanged to the nearest limb. They will find that Hainsytown is not Charlestown, although both villages are within the jurisdiction of the Old Dominion, where every petty postmaster and county squire is, *ex officio*, inquisitor of the opinions of his neighbor. But Hainsytown catches some of the healthy breezes of independence from our western boundary, and it is not quite a safe experiment there to choke people to death, even for believing that his late excellency Gov. Wise is a little weak in the upper story.

A NEW TEST.—The Galena (Ill.) *Advertiser* states that a former resident of that city, a bricklayer, has just returned from Mississippi, where he had found employment at his trade, under the following circumstances. He determined, when settled at the South, to keep his own counsel with regard to his views upon slavery. Acting upon this course, he managed to glide along smoothly for some time without molestation. At last a *new test* was applied to his "sympathies":

One fiery day, when the hands were detained in the house, a slave having failed to build as good a fire from green wood as the overseer wanted, the slave was ordered to be thrown down by the latter, to receive one hundred and fifty lashes as a punishment. As there was but one room for shelter, our friend was compelled to stand by and see the inhuman cruelty inflicted, or go out and stand in the rain. He promptly chose the latter, and at the end of half or three-quarters of an hour came in drenching wet. He was met by a laugh, and a remark by the overseer that perhaps he did 'not like to see such fun.' His only reply was that he did not, and nothing more was said on the subject. The next day a saddled horse was brought up to the door, and he was informed that he could ride into Natchez and leave the horse and saddle at a particular livery stable. With true British pluck, he refused the service of the animal, and walked to Natchez on foot, and soon made his way back to Galena."

SLAVE-BURNINGS.

HISTORICAL accuracy is not always to be looked for from Members of Congress, nor is it always worth while to set them right when in error. Two mistakes, however, as matters of history, were made in the debate in the House on Wednesday, both of which it is as well to correct. The first was an admission by Mr. Van Wyck of this State that witches were once burned at the stake in New England. New England, we beg leave to inform the House, never did any such thing. She hanged, and possibly drowned, about two hundred years since, some of those wretched persons whom she religiously believed possessed of the devil. But she long ago, fortunately, gave over that habit; otherwise, as Mr. Van Wyck might have retorted upon his opponent, Boston or Salem would at this day be an unsafe visiting-place for some Southern Members of Congress.

The second mistake was that of Mr. Davis of Mississippi, and was of a graver character, inasmuch as it referred to the present century, about which it is to be supposed he knows something, rather than to a remote period, concerning which a slight inaccuracy is pardonable. He denied with much warmth that slaves were ever burned to death at the South. Nor was the statement allowed to go forth upon his unaided testimony. Mr. Gartrell, of Georgia, considered the assertion that such acts were ever perpetrated a libel upon the South, and pronounced it false and unfounded. We have to set both these gentlemen right, regretting at the same time that we cannot give them the benefit of the qualification we admit in the other case; for while we acknowledge that New England hanged her witches, we maintain that she has pretermitted that custom. But the South, we shall show, has not only quite recently burned her slaves at the stake, but we have no doubt, under similar provocation, she will do so again.

We may further premise by saying that we are surprised at the excitement and indignant denial of this fact by the Southern members. Burning undoubtedly is a terrible death, but in the course of human affairs it often happens that individual suffering is necessary to the general good. These gentlemen would seem to admit by the warmth of their resentment that an acknowledgment of the charge would be a confession of the wrongfulness of slavery. Impatient men are apt to be illogical. It is not that slavery is wrong because of such atrocities, but such acts are atrocious because slavery is wrong. These are the necessary accessories of the system, and are to be defended as such, like any other proper, though severe, penalty which attaches to every well-ordered and legitimate organization of human society. Our objection to slavery strikes deeper than that it is sometimes cruel, though the fact of the uniform cruelty which is needed to sustain it is a subsidiary argument against it. We are not the less gratified, however, to see this disposition of Southern members to test the rightfulness of the system by its humanity, and we proceed to facts.

Our first witness is a Mr. Poe, a native of Richmond, Va., and afterward a resident of Hamilton Co., Ohio, where he was a highly-respected ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church. In a letter, written about twenty years since, upon the subject of slavery, he says: "In Goochland County, Virginia, an overseer tied a slave to a tree, flogged him again and again with great severity, then piled brush around him, set it on fire and burned him to death. The overseer was tried and imprisoned. The whole transaction may be found on the records of the Court."

The late John Parrish of Philadelphia, an eminent minister of the Society of Friends, travelled through the slave States, on a religious mission, early in this century, and on his return published a pamphlet entitled "Remarks on the Slavery of the Black People." Among other instances of cruel punishment, he states that a slave "was burnt to death at a stake in Charleston, surrounded by a multitude of spectators, some of whom were people of the first rank; . . . the poor object was heard to cry, as long as he could breathe, 'not guilty—not guilty!'"

In the year 1836, a man of color was arrested in St. Louis for some offence, but was rescued by one Mackintosh, a free man of color, a steward on board a steamboat. On his way to the jail, in order to effect his escape, he stabbed and killed one of his captors. The wife and children of the murdered man excited the rage of the people by their lamentations, the jail was surrounded, the murderer demanded, and given up. He was led into the woods, on the then outskirts of the city, but near the spot where the Court-House was afterward built, brush wood and green wood was piled about him, and fire set to the heap, in presence of a concourse of two or three thousand [illegible] twenty minutes to half an hour in dying, during which he was praying or singing hymns in a calm voice. When his legs were consumed, the trunk disappeared in the blazing pile. "There!" said a bystander, "it is over with him; he does not feel any more now." "Yes I do," answered a steady voice from out the flames."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Herald*, in July, 1845, writes to that paper that, not long before, some slaves near Oakland Cottage, Mississippi, were emancipated by the will of their master. For some reason, the will was not carried out, and the slaves, exasperated by the delay, and fearful of being cheated out of the property in themselves, left them by their master, set on fire the house of the overseer, and a white child was lost in the flames. The incendiaries, eight or nine in number, were seized by the neighbors, and two of them immediately hanged. The rest were confined in a log house, and chained to the floor. A torch was then put to the building, and the miserable creatures roasted by a slow fire, while the air was rent with their cries. This story, we grant, is not authenticated by a responsible name, and comes only on the authority of a Northern paper, which is not supposed to be capable of telling the truth upon this subject. Of course, therefore, we cannot vouch for its truth, but can only say that it was widely published at the time in the papers of the country, and was never, to our knowledge, contradicted; nor do we see why it should be doubted, any more than the ordinary public intelligence to which implicit credence is given on newspaper authority.

But let us come down to more recent instances, and to papers that never lie, at least, on this topic. "I have just received," writes a correspondent of the N. O. *Picayune*, at Jackson, Mississippi, on the 25th of December, 1855, "the particulars of a most horrid affair just transpired at Lexington, in this State." A young lady of the neighborhood was assaulted, on a lonely road, by a slave, who attempted to violate her person. She was rescued, however, before he had accomplished his purpose, and, after being deposited in a place of safety, the alarm was raised, and a hunt for the negro, who had fled, was instituted. He was soon found, and execution was speedy. He was taken into Lexington, chained to a stake and burned alive.

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail* of April 3, 1856, says: "We learn that the negro who murdered Mr. Capeheart was burned to death yesterday, at Mount Meigs. He acknowledged himself guilty."

In 1856, Dr. Parsons, of Boston, a gentleman of unquestionable character, published a little work of travels at the South. He copies from the Sumter (Ala.) *Whig* an account of a recent burning of a slave in that county. "Dave," the slave, belonged to James D. Thornton, was accused of having murdered a daughter of his mistress, and, after his arrest, confessed his guilt. Thornton and his friends took him from the jail by a stratagem, and bore him off in triumph. "They left in high glee," says *The Whig*, and carried their prisoner to the appointed place of sacrifice. Here he was "tied to a stake, with fat, light wood piled around him, and the torch was applied in the presence of two thousand persons, who had met there to witness the novel scene." There were, it seems, some rumors afloat that "Dave" was tortured, but these, *The Whig* declares, were "entirely untrue." So, burning alive is *not* torture in Alabama. An inquiring mind, which is not sensitive, might seek to know what is.

Dr. Parsons gives another instance which occurred not long before his visit in Georgia, the particulars of which he received from eye-witnesses. A slave had received from his mistress some punishment of great severity, when he seized a hatchet, and, as he supposed, killed her, though she afterwards recovered. On committing the deed, he ran at once to the Court-house and surrendered himself to justice. Justice in civilized countries would have been hanging. In Georgia, it was this: The slave was given to the mob, who first gave him fifty lashes a day for five days to prepare him for what was to follow. On the following Sunday, he was taken from the jail, and suspended, naked, by his two hands, from the limb of a large oak tree near the Court-house. A fire made of hard pine shavings was kindled beneath him, and "then the clear bright flames quickly ascended, curling about the limbs, encircling the body, scorching the nerves, crushing the fibres, charring the flesh—and, in mortal anguish, he was (in the words of an eye-witness) 'sweating, as it were, great drops of blood.'" But before life was entirely extinguished, the lungs, the heart, the liver, were cut and torn from the body, with knives fastened upon poles, and with these quivering organs elevated above the crowd, the executioners shouted, "So shall it be done to the slave that murders his mistress!" It was in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Five that all this was done in the presence of a crowd of from ten to fifteen thousand persons—about five years before the time when, and six hundred miles from the place where, Mr. Davis denied that the South ever burned a negro alive.

On the 7th of January, 1857, three years ago, Mr. John Kingsley, of Portsmouth Ohio, wrote to THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD of this city that he was the week before in Carter County, Ky., where he saw a negro tied to a stake, a pile of dry wood heaped about him, and set on fire. The man belonged to one Wm. McMinis, of that county, and was suspected of planning an insurrection. He was first whipped, 200 lashes, but denied his guilt. Fire was then tried, and, though not burned to death, he died next day. Mr. Kingsley, unable to remain and witness the sufferings of the agonized creature, rode away and attempted to excite the neighbors to rescue; he was told to mind his own business.

The Union Springs (Ala.) *Gazette* of the 23d December, 1858, gives the particulars of the murder of a Mr. J. by his slave boy Mitford. He had been whipped, and chained up from Saturday to Monday, and, when released by his master, seized an axe and killed him. The negro made no attempt to escape, and no resistance when taken. A public meeting was called on Wednesday to consider the case, and by a unanimous vote of the assembly it was resolved to burn him alive. "That evening," continues *The Gazette*, "at 3 o'clock, in the presence of 500 persons, he was chained to a tree and burned."

They closed those pleasant Christmas holidays of 1858 in the same way in Troy, Ky. On the first day of last year, 1859, at the annual negro sales at Troy, Mr. James Calaway, the brother-in-law of one Simon B. Thornhill, who, it seems, had been murdered by a slave in revenge for some punishment, mounted a box in the street, and exhorted the people to do speedy justice upon the murderer, and closed by saying, "All that feel as I do will follow me." Eight hundred and a thousand followed him. They went to the jail, took out the prisoner, and in the jail-yard itself drove down a stake, to which they chained him hand and feet. Fine split wood was piled around him, and he was miserably burned to death. "He gave," says a correspondent of the Maysville (Ky.) *Eagle*, "some of the most hideous screams I ever heard come from any human being."

This closes our record; for we have not yet heard of a case of slave-burning in the year 1860. Those which we have given are, of course, only scattered cases; for the list can only comprise those that we can turn to readily, and with little search. Doubtless, many more have been published, and many have occurred which have never been published at all. But, very imperfect as the list is, we respectfully submit it to Messrs. Davis and Gartrell, and to Southern Members of Congress generally, as a guide to them in anything they may have to say on this topic in future.—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

SENATOR SEWARD'S SPEECH.

THE Republican oracle has spoken at last, and, as the necessity of oracles compels, has scattered "ambiguous voices" in the ears of the people. The trumpet has given the key note of the party and has given an uncertain sound, as every attempt to bring harmony out of the political discords inherent in our politics must needs do. We are not surprised that the Washington speech should fall short of the one at Rochester—for the plane from which it was uttered was a very different and a much lower one. If Mr. Seward must speak, he would be more than a Presidential candidate if he could speak otherwise than he did. It was his business to fill up the valleys and bring low the hills that stood in the way of a Republican candidate to the Presidential chair—of himself, it may be, but at any rate of some one of his party. That he has done this with marvellous skill and adroitness no one can deny. He has conjured away the formidable features of the monster that was to lay waste the Southland and made it look as like a harmless domestic animal as the fears of its enemies could desire. The Republican party is no longer a roaring lion going about seeking what it may devour. It is a patient beast of burden, as ready to stoop its neck to the yoke and its back to the saddle as any of its forerunners that have carried a rider to the door of the White House. Its teeth and claws are so skilfully drawn [illegible] in the operation and think that its strength and efficiency are greatly promoted thereby. We have great doubt as to the political expediency of this "letting down of the testimony" uttered at Rochester; but in this doubt the Republican leaders do not seem to share, while the slaveholders refuse to accept it as a sufficient atonement for that offence.

And these last are not wrong in their instincts. They see that the substantial doctrine of the Irrepressible Conflict is yet hidden in the multitude of fair words that envelope it. Mr. Seward, following the proverbial wisdom that tells us that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," has invented the gentle substitute of "Capital States" for Slave States and "Labor States" for Free States! He has no word to express any disapprobation of the investment of capital in men, women and children, provided the capitalists think it a paying one. From anything this speech contains we should not infer that Mr. Seward regards men as any less fitting objects of such application of capital than "the mules, horses and other cattle," with which they are usually lumped in the advertisements of the auctioneers. But he cannot keep the fact concealed that the Labor States, as he daintily qualifies the unpleasant circumstance of Freedom, have not thought it a profitable way of investing their capital. He admits that they do hope and believe that their own scheme of labor will, in the end, prevail over the antagonist one which makes capital of its laborers. He does not deny that he shares in this hope and belief of the laborers as against the capitalists. Now, if there be such antagonism between two systems that the holders of the one hope and believe that it must in time supersede the other, they must believe that there is "an irrepressible conflict" between them. There can be no ground for such a faith excepting the confidence that the one is in accordance with the Divine laws and the other opposed to them. Let it be painted over "an inch thick, to this complexion it must come at last." Grimalkin is to be discerned under the meal, however white and soft it may be, or however daintily sprinkled over her by the most skilful of hands.

This, to be sure, was inevitable. The Republican party have pared down their platform to the smallest possible space, but there must be some semblance of a principle on which to stand. Mr. Seward sees nothing more than the keeping of the Territories free from Slavery and Polygamy that the party has proposed to do. Where he finds his authority for putting polygamy into the company of slavery we are at a loss to imagine. It is the severest thing that has been said against Mormonism yet to put it into the same category with the Sum of all Villanies, of which it forms but an infinitesimal portion. But if slavery should be kept out of the Territories, and this exclusion is important enough to justify the formation of a political party, it must certainly be esteemed a thing bad in itself and a violation of the laws of God. And this is the vital principle that will strengthen the party to life enough to prevail—should that ever come to pass. This Mr. Seward knows, and this the slaveholders know. All his fair words cannot entirely hide the ugly fact that a majority of the people of the free States regard slavery as a crime and a curse which blackens and blights every inch of soil that it touches. It is only in the strength of this fact that the North can be rallied to go forth and conquer. Mr. Seward knows this better than most men. We grieve that he thought it necessary and wise to darken counsel with a multitude of words, and to dilute the strength of his true words at Rochester into the feebleness of his utterance at Washington. But cautious and timid as this is, it must be accepted as a sign of the times and an indication of what is in men's minds at the North.

We cannot but look upon it as a misfortune of Mr. Seward that he should be a member of the Senate at this time, and so feel himself obliged to speak on this theme. His speech is as nearly non committal as speeches from the throne usually are; but there is still committal enough to give occasion to the assaults of his enemies and to the cooling of his friends. We think that the effect of this speech will be twofold. First, that it will secure him the Chicago nomination, and, secondly, that it will procure his defeat at the polls. Our ground for this latter belief is that it is an effectual damper to the anti-slavery enthusiasm of the North, and that no Republican President can be elected that does not kindle that vital warmth. This Mr. Seward has done in a marked degree ever since his Rochester speech, and the contagion seemed to spread the more it was encountered with lies and calumnies. This speech will do much to quench that growing zeal. Multitudes, we believe, of the plain voters will say to themselves on reading it, "Wherein doth this man differ from Douglas? Both admit slavery into the Territories if the inhabitants choose to have it there, and neither objects to the admission of slave States, and much less proposes to repeal any of the villanies that have been organized into slave-hunting laws. Is it worth while to leave our harvests and our herds to elect between such rulers? Could Douglas speak of the colored race with a keener contempt, or with a more heartless acquiescence in the doom Slavery dealt to glorious Old Brown, than has the candidate the Republicans offer us? Let the potsherds of party strive with their like; it matters not which dashes the other in pieces."

These very qualities, however, are the ones which will commend Mr. Seward to the leaders of the party, who will shape the nomination. Their error, we think, lies in taking it for granted that they are sure of the anti-slavery voters of the North, and that all they can secure of the pro-slavery ones, by coming as near to their level as they can, will be so much gained. They are more likely to lose the first, without gaining the last. Why did Colonel Fremont draw such hosts after him in the North? It was because the voters verily believed that he stood for the extremest idea of political anti-slavery. The speeches in his behalf were anti-slavery ones in essence. The splinter of a platform was scarcely thought of and hardly ever mentioned. And thus a fiery enthusiasm was aroused which swept all before it. Very possibly it was ill-founded. But nobody could say it was, for he had made no sign beyond his acceptance of the nomination. This cannot be done in the case of Mr. Seward. His speech is scattered by hundreds of thousands over the country, and soon will be by millions. Every one will know just where he is, and we cannot imagine an eloquence fiery enough to excite a flame of enthusiasm for him. We believe that if he had recapitulated, in the calmest terms and with what forbearance he pleased towards the slaveholders, the substance of his Rochester speech, showing that the Conflict between Slavery and Freedom was indeed Irrepressible, and that this must be the issue before the country till it was decided on one side or the other, he would have breathed a life into the campaign which would have given him victory, or a defeat that was better than victory. This speech may carry him to victory, as his partisans affirm, but we fear it will be a victory worse than a defeat.

"THE EPOQUE."

THIS is the name of a New York weekly newspaper in the French language.

The editor here sees in the Republican party the most advanced expression of the civilization of the New World, while in Europe he allies himself with no party, sect or coterie. By this independence he hopes there to make liberty penetrate where it does not yet exist, while by a different policy he thinks to prevent slavery from extending here. With whatever difference of method, his motto is still the same—Freedom in both hemispheres.

Although this journal has been in existence since June last, No. 34 now under our eye is the first we happen to have seen; and we discern in it an element that gives it a claim to notice—that critical element, namely, which may be no less quick to learn than apt to teach; and which, beginning with correct exterior estimates, may not fail, in the end, to sound and appreciate the depths.

N'est pas critique qui veut: for if the will to be a critic could confer the power, Americans would be the critics of the world; while the fact is notorious that no people of Christendom is so little endowed with the discriminative power of making nice distinctions in the qualities of things. The American faculty is for the most part logical, not judicial.

It is precisely this lack of critical ability among our own people which makes us welcome with satisfaction all foreign examples of it. Obvious and just as is the distinction drawn by *The Epoque* between the classes of means requisite for making liberty penetrate and facilitating slavery to extend, it is one our own people have for twenty-five years shown an incapacity to perceive. They are but beginning to learn that where Liberty is expected to *penetrate*, she must not weaken her thin steel-edged van by *coalition*.

It will never, we imagine, be *The Epoque* that will be found assailing THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD under the allegation that it is or that it is not the flag of a party.

We have in this same article a further example of our contemporary's criticism; and mortifying as it is to see how a foreign eye can discern at a glance the facts of personal quality to which so many native ones are stone-blind, by reason of their parents' sins and their party's perjuries, we will cite from *The Epoque* a part of "The Review of the Fortnight," on the lecturing field in New York. The anti-slavery body, so regardless of being called low and degraded by the slaveholders' Northern mouth-pieces, will, however, be at the pains to note a lack of philosophical discernment in this eye which knows a gentleman as soon as it sees one. *Of course* such a course as has elsewhere and always winnowed whole lands to find the noble to lead, the statesman to save, genius to serve and illustrate, and the first and best of every sect, party, class and coterie to form and reform, has done no less here in these conflicting States; and the slight suspicion of surprise at his facts, discernible in our journalist, should, to do *perfect* credit both to his sight and insight, have been perceptible only in case he had found that the Abolitionists were *not* gentle-folk "fit for any society."

One more remark we may be pardoned for making—as to Lions as painters—anti-slavery men as historians: We believe that the profounder the researches into the annals and among the people of Hayti, the clearer it will become, without any partiality of partisanship or mistake of imperfect examination, that Toussaint L'Ouverture actually stands, to all time, precisely the great good man whom Mr. Phillips presents to the admiration of the American people.

FRENCH CRITICISM ON AMERICAN MEN AND MANNERS.

Europeans have often, and not without reason, criticised those literary exercises so much in vogue, under the name lectures, in the great Anglo-Saxon family. Here is a recipe for one. Make choice of a subject—no matter whether historical, moral, *literary or scientific*. Write twenty or thirty pages upon it. Hire a hall, advertise in the newspapers at what day and hour you will read it, and when the fatal moment comes, read. No matter whether to an audience or to empty benches, read you must; and as all *that* costs money, you must indemnify yourself by demanding twenty-five cents at the door. It will be readily understood that, in a completely free country, where freedom of speech knows no obstacles, this method has often been tried, whether to make a name and popularity, or to make money, or to keep one's fame flourishing if one has any. But this sort of literary exercise, which, in certain circumstances, we may call a money-making enterprise (*exploitation*), is not so readily popular as one might think. It is in reality very difficult to succeed in it. The reason is that the public, not being well informed beforehand on the subject you treat of, and which an hour is not time enough to develop, follows you with difficulty. The hardship lies not, as one might think, in the subject itself, but in securing the public attention. Therein lies the whole secret. You please neither by the beauty of your periods, the exactitude of your facts, nor by the philosophical considerations you may present. Your style may be as flat and tasteless as that of a monk, your facts as inexact as a pro-slavery journal, and you may be as superficial as a preacher: you will be listened to, provided you possess a strong voice, pleasing gestures and coarse pleasantry. I never better understand the insufficiency of the multitude, in high political and social questions, than when I look at its idols. The more I examine them, the hollower I find them. I am forced regretfully to admit that the popular men have been men of mediocrity. The two Pitts and Sir Robert Peel for England—Casimir Perrier, Guizot, Cavaignac, Molé, Broglie, for France—Washington, Webster, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, for the United States, were or at present are great men of the first order. They have never been popular. Some of them have governed by minorities—some are almost unknown. But all the while the men of mediocrity sparkle and succeed. So much for the insight of the masses.

It is clear that the necessity of adapting oneself to the popular intellect must force men of talent to lower themselves to its level, and therefore it is that it has justly been said in France as elsewhere that in lands where democracy rules, the people never raise themselves intellectually above a certain point, by no means a high one; and that if ignorance be unknown among them, so are great capacities also. This, in reality, is one of the defects of democracy, but it exists only in certain limits. There are two spheres in American Democracy. One, exclusively political and religious, feeds on popularity, and lives and dies in mediocrity; the other, eminently social, is recruited from among men of various employments and callings, merchants, mechanics, literati, among Protestant ministers of liberal tendencies, and raises itself to the level of the superior men in Europe. It is from the ranks of these last that Emerson, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips—each an honor to America—have sprung. Wendell Phillips was known to the public only by his views on slavery. It is he who, in company with Garrison, was the pioneer of the Anti-Slavery movement in Boston twenty years ago. This movement has since extended in the North and West, where the sect counts numerous partisans. Till lately I never heard Wendell Phillips except in his philippics addressed to the partisans of slavery; and if I admired the vigorous, aggressive eloquence of these satires, I had, I must confess, but little esteem for his political views. In this I was mistaken. I did not enough consider that men of ardent eloquence are rarely in the conduct of the State, and that credit should be given them for the part they actually fulfil in the progressive movement of the age, without demanding more than they have to give. It is, moreover, in the nature of the orator to carry to excess his indignation against evil, and to see all that borders on it through a medium of gall and bitterness. Men are orators only at this price. Their vision is falsified by the very light in which they see the objects of which they treat, and this explains the incorrectness of their discourses.

Borne upwards on the waves of that Abolition sect of which the doctrine is immediate emancipation for the black in the bosom of the American Confederacy, the reputation of Wendell Phillips has grown with it, and finally receives the highest sanction—that of those chosen ones whose approbation only makes in the end the true—to wit, the durable—success. This sanction declared itself last week in a most brilliant manner at the Hall of the *Cooper's Institute*, on the delivery of a historical discourse on the celebrated *Toussaint L'Ouverture*. Wendell Phillips, who had till then been thought the mere man of a sect, now showed himself, by the order and arrangement of his ideas, by the clearness of his style, by the sobriety of his gestures and the distinction of his manners, a man of high-breeding, a man of the world and a man of talent—conjointly a passport to any society in any nation.

We would not swear to the exactitude of his historical researches. Who would be astonished when the Abolitionist whose years wear on in harness proves too much for the historian? But we are not aware that Mr. Phillips claims to be such. It would not be accepted if he did. A man of principle and a man of character, those honors are enough amply to supply the place of the other. When he arrives at the conclusion that *Toussaint* is superior to Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington and Lafayette, he is no historian; he does but color his portrait to suit his imagination. Forcing the scattered facts of an incomplete biography through the prism of his principles, he gives not the real Toussaint L'Ouverture—not a man, but a type. Whatever may be thought of this variation of the personage and this violence done to the truth, the eminent talent of Mr. Phillips served as a passport to his ideas. His opinions may excite a smile; the cause he has embraced and the intellect he consecrates to its service can produce no other sentiment than respect.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR DR. CHEEVER.

WE have kept our readers informed, from time to time, of the progress of the struggle between the friends and the enemies of Dr. Cheever in the Church of the Puritans; and now we have intelligence to communicate that cannot fail to gratify the friends of an untrammelled Pulpit everywhere. At the annual meeting of the *Society*, on Monday evening last, three vacancies in the Board of Trustees were filled by friends of Dr. Cheever, after a severe struggle, in which his enemies exerted their whole strength. In the *Church*, where the right to vote is incidental to simple membership, depending not at all upon any pecuniary qualification, Dr. Cheever has been sustained by an effective majority from the first moment that his persecutors enemies attempted to drive him from his pulpit. But in the *Society*, embracing both church-members and non-church-members, and wherein the right to vote in the election of Trustees is confined to the pew-holders, the lines have never been fairly drawn until now. A considerable number of the opponents of Dr. Cheever, though worshipping elsewhere, have retained possession of their pews in the Church of the Puritans, in the hope that, by combining with certain elements of disaffection yet remaining within the camp, and availing themselves of the aid and sympathy of such ecclesiastical politicians and trimmers as Doctors Thompson and Bacon, they might, even if they should be unable by direct vote to turn him out of the pulpit, yet make his position so uncomfortable as at length to constrain him to resign. The majority of the Trustees (a body usually chosen for their financial rather than moral weight) were either open or secret enemies of the pastor, and, instead of cooperating with him in good faith, they have done much to annoy and embarrass him. Their hope evidently has been that, by keeping the Church and Society in a perpetual broil, they might at length exhaust the patience of Dr. Cheever and his friends, and drive him from his position. Their public denunciation of the effort to collect in Great Britain the means necessary to overcome the embarrassments resulting from their own dog-in-the-manger policy revealed their animus clearly enough.

The final struggle between the parties, as we have said, occurred on Monday evening last, and resulted in the triumph of Dr. Cheever's friends. Three vacancies in the Board of Trustees having been filled by his supporters, the majority of that body are now friendly to him. The unfriendly members will probably resign, so that the Church of the Puritans and the Society connected therewith are at last completely redeemed from the rule of Cotton Hunkerism. Many of Dr. Cheever's friends, who had not dreamed that their right to vote could be questioned, were at the last moment excluded from the ballot-box upon technical grounds; in consequence of which the vote was a close one. The Doctor's enemies had evidently formed their plans with skill, the Treasurer of the Society cooperating with them and neglecting to collect the pew-rents of members, so that there might be legal ground to prevent them from voting! The majority report of the old Trustees, condemning Dr. Cheever and the mission of Miss Johnstone to England, was rejected, and that of the minority adopted. The friends of Dr. Cheever in England will see how hard a battle he has had to fight and how narrow has been his escape from a defeat by the pro-slavery party, when they are told that the majority in his favor in the election of Trustees was only *two!*

THE ISLE OF PINES, at no great distance from Cuba, is the "Newport" of Havana—a resort for pleasure-seekers and invalids during the spring and summer months. An invalid lady of Boston, who lately went there to avoid the cold winds of the New England coast, is writing a series of letters in the Boston *Transcript*. From one of her communications we make the following extract:

"Within a few miles of Nueva-Gerona (the chief town of the island) is a small settlement of free blacks. They were induced to come here by General Tacon, who granted them a tract of land, at the time he extirpated the pirates, and first placed Spanish troops on the island. They were originally from St. Augustine, but at the time Florida was ceded to the United States they wisely preferred to remain under the protection of the Spanish government, and came to Havana. They are honest, industrious, and are respected by the white residents of the place. A few of them speak English with wonderful accuracy considering the number of years since they left the United States. We tremble at the thought of what might be their fate should this island ever exchange the Spanish flag for the stars and stripes of Republican America.

"Prejudice against color as it exists in the United States is not known here. If a man is well-dressed, well-behaved (and can pay his hotel bill), he takes his seat at the best table in the best hotel of the place, no matter what his complexion may be. Only a few mulattoes, however, are able to enjoy this privilege, they having inherited wealth from white fathers."

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT ALBION.—An Anti-Slavery Convention, to be addressed by PARKER PILLSBURY, AARON M. POWELL and SUSAN B. ANTHONY will be held at ALBION (Orleans Co.) on MONDAY and TUESDAY, March 19th and 20th, afternoons and evenings, at 2 and 7½ o'clock.

DR. CHEEVER'S NEW BOOK ON SLAVERY (the one advertised in another column) is

ence shows that the Garrisonian treatment alone can effect a cure. It is the popular reverence for the Constitution and the Union that makes the people weak in the knees and back and incapable of taking a firm stand for freedom.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER AND THE "RADICAL ABOLITIONISTS."

Our readers will remember that Stephen S. Foster, at the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, avowed himself a convert to the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States is anti-slavery. A correspondent of *The Liberator* having asked why he did not at once unite with the "Radical Abolitionists" (the party which has hitherto maintained this view, and of which Gerrit Smith and William Goodell are representatives), Mr. Foster replied in a letter, which we copy almost entire, as follows:

"I do not regard that party (the Radical Abolitionists) as *practically* true to the anti-slavery cause. I wrote to Mr. Smith several years since, in reply to a letter from him upon the subject, that if the party would assume an attitude of uncompromising opposition to slavery, it should have the benefit of my humble advocacy. But their anti-slavery interpretation of the Constitution seems to me *radically* defective, in that it leaves its advocates still in political alliance with slaveholders, and makes them practically the abettors of the Slave Power. In this regard, I cannot see that the Radical Abolitionists differ materially from the Republicans. The difference in their interpretation of the Constitution is merely *theoretical*, as is apparent from the fact that Mr. Smith's *action* in Congress differed in no essential particular from that of the most anti-slavery of the Republican members. So far as the interests of freedom were concerned, Mr. Smith might as well have been in Congress under a Republican interpretation of that instrument as under his own.

"What our cause demands is such an interpretation of the Constitution as shall place an 'impassable gulf' between the friends and the foes of slavery, so far as cooperation in the administration of the government is concerned. If the Constitution, rightly interpreted, is anti-slavery, the parties which are now prostituting it to the support of slavery are traitors—traitors not only to the liberties of four millions of enslaved countrymen, but traitors also to the Constitution itself, which they have sworn to support. Can we legislate with traitors, and not make ourselves partakers of the treason?

"All the power of government, as an administrative institution, is dependent on the purse. Withhold that, and not a single executive wheel of our political machinery could make another revolution. James Buchanan, without the purse of the nation, is no more than any other man. Hence, if his official course is destructive of liberty, on those who furnish him supplies from the national treasury, equally with himself, rests the responsibility of his misgovernment. My objection to cooperation with Mr. Smith and the Radical Abolitionists is that they fraternize politically with the existing administration, and, by voting it supplies, become partakers of its crimes.

"I will avail myself of this opportunity to express the opinion that, had Mr. Smith, while a member of Congress, practically maintained a consistent anti-slavery interpretation of the Constitution—had he proclaimed the existing administration a conspiracy against the Constitution and liberties of the country, and on that account refused to recognize any of its action as legitimate constitutional legislation—had he entered his solemn protest against the appropriation of a single dollar from the national treasury, until the government should be employed for the protection of that equal liberty and impartial justice for which it was originally established—had he stood before the national legislature, as John Brown stood before the sovereignty of Virginia, the fearless, uncompromising defender of equal liberty for all, treating his fellow-members kindly, yet as traitors, as they are—had he, I say, done this, and thereby made his theory of the Constitution a living power, all eyes would have turned instinctively upon him as the Heaven-appointed leader of the anti-slavery host. He would have taken our cause upon his shoulders, and borne it aloft amid the gaze of startled but admiring nations; and such would have been the light and grandeur of his moral power, that the minions of slavery would have cried out in the despairing language of the demons of Judea, 'What have we to do with thee, thou Son of God? art thou come to torment us before the time?'

"Never had any man a more magnificent theatre than that awarded to Mr. Smith by his constituents, when they placed him in the United States House of Representatives for the purpose of testing the practical value of his political opinions. But, partly from a constitutional lack of firmness, and partly from want of a clear insight into the requirements of his theory of the Constitution, his Congressional career was a bitter disappointment to all who had trusted to him as a political leader. Neither Southern slave-claimants nor their Northern abettors, felt themselves rebuked by his presence among them; nor was his official influence an object of their dread. But Mr. Smith's chief fault was one which, unfortunately for the cause of freedom, he shares in common with all of us who claim to lead the public mind on this great question. *Timidity* is the prime curse of our movement. We creep like imants, simply because we dare not trust ourselves to stand erect and walk. In action, we are afraid of the legitimate deductions of our theories, and hence the Slave Power is not afraid of us. *I* would give to our movement a bolder tone—would make it smell of *revolution*, if not of *blood*. When we proclaim the slave a man, I would encourage him in the judicious use of all those modes of defence which are proper and becoming in men; would teach resistance and insurrection. I would teach his *friends* to give him their individual aid and succor, while they are in the minority; and to give him an assurance of the protection of the Federal Government, whenever they shall become the majority."

However wide the difference between Mr. Foster and the American Anti-Slavery Society in regard to the true interpretation of the U. S. Constitution, the friends of that Society generally will, we think, agree with him in his criticism of the action of the Radical Abolitionists—agree with him in substance, at least, if not in detail.

EXECUTION OF STEVENS AND HAZLITT.

Before the present issue of The Standard can reach the majority of its readers, the lives of Aaron D. Stevens and Albert Hazlitt will fall a sacrifice to the revengeful spirit of Slavery! The following letter to *The Herald* shows that the last effort to rescue them from the scaffold has been made in vain—that Virginia has in her heart no mercy, but only vengeance, for all those who sought to give freedom to her slaves!

RICHMOND, Va., March 8, 1860.

According to arrangement made on Tuesday last, the Joint Committee on Courts of Justice, of both Houses of the Legislature of this State, assembled in the Senate chamber at six o'clock this evening to hear the address of Mr. George Sennott in behalf of Aaron D. Stevens and Albert Hazlitt, now under sentence of death at Charlestown, Virginia. The object of the address was to obtain a reprieve for both these prisoners, which could only be had by a joint recommendation of both Houses of the Legislature to the Governor.

The Senate chamber was very much crowded during the delivery of the address, which was listened to throughout with marked attention. The Committee on the part of the House exhibited much courtesy in prolonging their session after the House had met at seven o'clock p. m., to suit the convenience of Mr. Sennott. The Senate holds no night sessions; and if they did, they would have exhibited the same courtesy that marked the members of the coordinate branch of the Legislature, who were on the Committee.

Among the auditors present I observed Gov. Letcher, besides many of the prominent members of both Houses of the General Assembly, with a number of prominent citizens. Every available space within the Senate chamber and the lobby was occupied, while the gallery was equally crowded. And notwithstanding this large attendance, the order observed was such as the presence of a stanger, no matter whence he comes or for what purpose, always commands in Virginia.

At a few minutes after six o'clock Mr. Sennott proceeded with his address.

But the result of all the eloquence and skill displayed or that could be displayed by Mr. Sennott only shows the determination of the Virginia people. The Committee unanimously resolved that it was inexpedient to interfere, and so Stevens and Hazlitt will be hanged at the time appointed—Friday, the 16th of March.

NEW SERIES OF ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

We announce with much pleasure the issue of three new and valuable Anti-Slavery Tracts. They consist of the freshest and most interesting matter, and we invite to them the attention of all our readers. As they are to be sold at the simple cost (or less), we hope that orders for them will be numerous. The series is to be continued, from time to time. The three already published are as follows:

No. 1. Correspondence between Lydia Maria Child and Governor Wise and Mrs. Mason, of Virginia. 28 pp.

No. 2. Victor Hugo on American Slavery, with letters of other distinguished Europeans, viz., De Tocqueville, Mazzini, Humboldt, Lafayette, &c. 24 pp.

No. 3. An Account of some of the Principal Slave Insurrections during the last two Centuries. By Joshua Coffin. 36 pp.

Price of the first two of the above, *five cents single*; 50 cts. the dozen; $3 50 *the hundred*. Of No. 3, *six cents single*; 60 *cts. the dozen*; $4 *the hundred*.

☞ To be had at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 5 Beekman street, New York; 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; and No. 21 Cornhill, Boston.

☞ The American Anti-Slavery Society has also just published, in a neat pamphlet form, the able and eloquent speech of Theodore Tilton, Esq., of New York, in reply to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on the American Board of Foreign Missions. Orders for these should be sent to the Society's Office, No. 5 Beekman street, New York. *Price three cents single*; $2 50 *per hundred*.

KIDNAPPING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

It affords us pleasure to announce that John Brown, the colored man of whose recent abduction from Lancaster Co., Pa., we gave an account from a correspondent last week, has been rescued and brought back to his home. The Lancaster *Express* gives the following report of the affair as related by the kidnapped man himself:

"John Brown says that on Friday night, the 2d of March, between 9 and 10 o'clock, Franklin Wilson, Gilmer Hall and two other men, whose names he does not know, but whom he could recognize if he should see them again, came to his house and took him prisoner. They charged him with being concerned in a robbery, and said they must take him to Lancaster. Wilson said he would bail him and bring him back on the next day. He states that they then took him out into the woods and put him into a carriage. Frank Wilson, with two other men, got in the carriage; and after going a short distance, Wilson got out. Before putting him in, they tied him. One of the men said he was his master and would take him to Virginia; they told him if he did not keep quiet they would blow him through, and pointed pistols at him. Edward Mackey got into the carriage after Wilson got out, and they drove him (Brown) to McCall's Ferry, where they kept him tied in a garret, at Fisher's tavern, all the next day. Brown says he told Fisher he was a free man; Fisher replied 'never mind, they won't hurt you.'

"In the evening, about 7 or 8 o'clock, Fisher came up into the garret and told the men who had Brown, they might bring him down, 'he had got the people all out of the bar-room.' They then took him across the river and on to Baltimore, in the same carriage they had started with. After reaching Baltimore, he was lodged in a jail, and left there for six or seven hours; he was then moved to another jail, where the keepers asked where he was from. He told them he was raised in Chester County, Pa., by a man named John Baldwin, and that he was a free negro, never having been a slave. The keeper then said he would have nothing to do with him, unless they could identify him as a slave.

"After he had been some time in this jail, a man by the name of Wm. Bond came in, who had been acquainted with Brown, and at once recognized him. Bond told the keepers of this jail, or slave-pen, that Brown was a free man, and prevailed upon them to let him go. They sent with him the following written statement:

"'Baltimore, March 5, 1860.

"'The bearer of this, John Brown, is supposed to be a free man, brought here by some men and offered for sale as a slave, and we, believing him to have been kidnapped, send him back to Lancaster County, where he says he came from. Joseph S. Donovan.'

"We learn that Hull, Wilson and a man by the name of Mackey had been arrested, one of them lying in jail and one held to bail in the sum of $10,000."

THE NEW YORK CONVENTIONS.

Canandaigua, N. Y., March 9, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

The second series of Anti-Slavery Conventions now in progress in this State, under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, began, with cheering success, at Port Byron. Another correspondent has given you some account of that Convention. It was fully equal, in point of interest and numbers, to any of the Conventions previously held during the winter. Mr. Pillsbury, Miss Anthony and our anti-slavery friends in Port Byron were highly gratified and encouraged.

At Weedsport, the Convention assembled in Hamilton Hall, and in the evening was largely attended. A large proportion of those in attendance were intelligent, thoughtful people and interested listeners, with, however, a margin of the other sort. Disturbed somewhat by the pictures drawn in our Conventions, which, like a faithful mirror, reflected their own images, these champions of the "peculiar institution," the "mud-sills" of Weedsport, effectually interrupted, by boisterous and mobocratic demonstrations, the progress of our discussions, towards the close of the last evening session. But they "builded better than they knew," serving, by their ungenerous conduct, to awaken an undsual degree of interest in our behalf throughout the whole community. During our sojourn at Weedsport, Mr. Pillsbury and myself were most hospitably entertained in the family of Capt. Benjamin Barney, formerly of Nantucket, and a brother of that excellent and widely-known friend of the slave, Nathaniel Barney, of Nantucket.

At Jordan—it proving to be literally and indeed "a hard road to travel"—but one evening meeting was held. It was of such a character as not to warrant the holding of a Convention there, as had been anticipated.

At Seneca Falls we had a very good Convention, not largely attended, but excellent in quality, in intelligence, spirit and interest. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton presided in a most efficient, dignified and happy manner, contributing largely to the success and usefulness of the Convention. We were heartily welcomed in the home of Mrs. Stanton while at Seneca Falls, having also the company of Mrs. Martha C. Wright, of Auburn.

We are now in the midst of a Convention here, in this most beautiful of Western New York villages, Canandaigua. There were very good-sized audiences yesterday, comparing favorably, in intelligence and interest, with any we have met elsewhere in the State.

On Tuesday evening last Wendell Phillips gave his "Toussaint" here to a very large audience. He greatly delighted a large majority of his hearers, but, I understand, as greatly shocked and outraged the conservative respectability of the community, in placing above Washington John Brown, and above all a Negro!

Viewed in the light of the late great speech by Senator Seward, so carefully and elaborately prepared—the most favorable light which can really and honestly be thrown upon it, under the Constitution—what a frightful despotism is the American Union! That the "whole may be preserved," we are to stand firmly and resolutely with our crushing weight upon the necks of four millions of God's prostrate and forlorn children—the stolen "capital" of the "Capital States." God forbid! No Union with Slaveholders. A. M. F.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Wm. H. Furness preached to Theodore Parker's Society at the Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday morning last.

Joshua R. Giddings, while in Madison, Wisconsin, a few days since, was received by the Legislature of the State with high honor. He was introduced to the House by the Speaker and greeted with a hearty demonstration of applause.

Gerrit Smith has instituted suits for slander against the Fifth Avenue Democratic Vigilance Committee for charging him with complicity in the Harper's Ferry affair. The members of the Committee appear severally anxious to avoid the necessity of proving the charges, and show a disposition to back out. Mr. Smith lays his damages at $50,000 in each suit, making an aggregate of a million and a half.

Prof. Alonzo Gray, Principal of the Brooklyn Female Academy, died in that city on Saturday last, aged 52. He studied for the ministry, but finally chose the life of a teacher rather than that of a pastor. He was the author of two volumes on Chemistry and Chemical Agriculture, and of a valuable work on Natural Philosophy. His surviving wife is a sister of Wendell Phillips.

Those Republicans who seek to make Edward Bates the Presidential candidate of their party make much of the alleged fact that he has emancipated his slaves. The St. Louis *Bulletin*, however, says: "The friends of Judge Bates have given publicity to the statement that he had emancipated his slaves. So far from this being the case, it is undeniable that they ran away from him, and he used every means in his power to recapture them. Thus, it leaks out, that from a philanthropist and an emancipationist he becomes a 'slave-catcher' and a 'kidnapper.'"

A correspondent of *The Evening Post*, in a series of sketches of the prominent members of the New York Assembly, thus notices the chairman of the Committee on the Personal Liberty bill:

"Another of the Quaker members deserving of notice is Shotwell Powell, of Ontario, Second district. He was here last winter, and made his mark. The Book of Martyrs sets him down as no talking man; but I think differently. Last winter he introduced the Personal Liberty bill, and two of his speeches made upon it were among the most eloquent efforts of the winter. He will give us a speech this month upon the same subject. Though a quiet non-resistant, never meddlesome, and carefully abstaining from the oath, he enunciates his convictions in an earnest manner, without bias, except in favor of justice, and, occasionally, as in the case of Hugh Allen, he can use hard words with deadly effect. He possesses a rich fund of common sense; is shrewd, as becomes men of his religious belief; and deserves more consideration than he has received. His political antecedents are Democratic, and he is one of the most honest of men and staunchest of Republicans."

Joseph Barker, whose name is somewhat familiar to our readers, has returned to England. We find in an English paper the following extract of a letter from him, dated at Providence, Dec. 20th, 1859.

"My views on several subjects are different from what they were when I left England. I cannot undertake in a letter to give you a detail of the changes which my views have undergone, but I may state that I feel no inclination to labor for extreme measures of reform either in Church or State; and for no measures at all by any but peaceful means. Eleven years ago I should have hailed a revolution and the establishment of a mere democracy in England; now I should deprecate such a violent and sweeping change. I am satisfied that gradual and peaceful reforms are best; and it is probable I shall never feel disposed to advocate any other. If I were once more a resident in England, I should join the moderate Reformers, and seek no changes but such as might appear to be not only practicable, but real improvements. I should favor any change with regard to the election of Members of Parliament which seemed calculated to place the legislative and executive powers in the hands of the wisest and best men; but I would favor no other changes."

Wendell Phillips will make "A Plea for the Dissolution of the Union" in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Tuesday evening next; and on Wednesday evening he will deliver a lecture in the Cooper Union—subject, "Agitation Indispensable to Reform." We need say nothing to induce our friends in the two cities to attend these lectures. Those who wish to inform themselves of the grounds upon which the Garrisonians refuse to exercise the elective franchise under the U. S. Constitution should hear Mr. Phillips's Brooklyn address.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, D. C., March 12, 1860.

Mr. Wade's speech in the Senate was one of the manliest ever made there, or in the other branch of the National Legislature. It was just the speech needed at this time and in reply to the braggart Bob. Toombs, of Georgia. Perhaps I ought to be a little more respectful and say Senator Toombs, but he is such a compound of the bull-dog and the lawyer that it seems much more natural to speak of him as one does of Tom Hyer, or Tom Sayers, or any other bully or prize-fighter. He is always overbearing and rude, but this winter he has beaten his own reputation in this respect, having denounced the Republicans as if they were a set of cut-throats—and he a saint. It is always understood that Mr. Wade is the only man who can effectually reply to Toombs, and he did it most effectually, on Thursday of last week. In his manner the Ohio Senator is somewhat rough, but he is every inch *a man*. Manliness, physically and mentally, is his characteristic. He is no scholar like Sumner or Seward, but roars out the truth at his enemy in a way to make a weak man reel. It is the only way to hit Toombs, and he always replies to Mr. Wade with civility. It was certainly the richest treat which the Senate has afforded this winter to see the severe pummelling which Wade gave to Toombs, and it was amusing to see how the Georgia Blowhard took it. In his reply *he was courteous*—which is an astonishing thing for him in any case.

Let Robert Toombs have his due, however. He is one of the few members of the Senate who votes steadily against the inquisitorial power assumed by that body in compelling witnesses to testify before its Committees. He has voted to sustain Hyatt all the way through; but, nevertheless, Mr. Hyatt will have to testify before the Committee. The power is one which both branches of Congress have used for years, and which the State Legislatures have also used; and though it is almost certain that the use of the power is unconstitutional, yet there is no remedy. The legislative body raising a Committee is sure to defend that Committee in its assumption of power; and he who depends upon the Courts, and especially the Supreme Court of the United States, to defend him in his personal and constitutional rights, leans upon a broken reed.

In the House, we have had two or three admirable speeches delivered since I wrote you last. One of them, by Van Wyck, of the State of New York, a new member and a maiden speech, was a most brilliant effort, and was attended with startling effects. He gave the Southern members some most bitter truths to ponder, and all that they could reply was through the lips of Reuben Davis, of Mississippi—"You are a liar and a scoundrel." These infamous interruptions did not disturb Van Wyck, who went on his way to the end of his speech. Here is a brace of extracts which will give you the flavor of the speech:

"Said the member from Mississippi (Mr. Davis):

"'The Black Republicans showed their organized rebellion when they presented Fremont as a sectional candidate for the Presidency, as a representative of their system of free labor in opposition to our system of slave labor. Against that rebellion we intend to act; we mean to put it down, even if we have to do it with the bayonet. Gentlemen of the Republican party, I warn you: present your sectional candidate for 1860, elect him as a representative of your system of labor, and we of the South will tear the Constitution into pieces.'

"Sir, craze your brain, nerve your arm, precipitate this issue upon us, and we are ready. Our Northern fathers were told by an English officer, 'Disperse, ye rebels; throw down your arms, and disperse.' Their answer, if necessary, shall be our answer.

"He continued:

"'I, to-day, have more affection for an Englishman than a Black Republican.'

"Quite likely. Many of the men in the South, during the Revolution, experienced the same thrill of joy in loving a British red-coat, or a Hessian child-butcher, better than an American patriot or a colonial rebel."

"We are glad that you are commencing to live on your own account; that is the true wealth of nations. We are gratified that you are weaving your own garments; it is true they look a little rough at present, but persevere. After the lapse of years (probably not in your time, but your posterity will see it), science will render you much aid. All arts are rude among a people which is just assuming independence of its neighbors.

"You cannot expect the advantages of machinery until some Yankees go down and explain the mode and manner of its use; for now, in your great rage and passport system, the tyranny of travel is exceedingly irksome in your empire, especially to the Yankee who is at all fond of the free use of his limbs; so you will have to forego the advantages of machinery a time longer. I see by one of your papers that when you learn to make shoe pegs, then your brogans you will no longer import from the North; all you want now is toleration and industry to make you a great nation. This is well enough, but for your frightful gasconade.

"You declare that should a Republican President be elected, he never can be inaugurated in this Capitol. How will you prevent it? I judge from your military preparation you mean force. Where will you get your gunpowder? You make none south of Delaware. Where will you get your fire-arms? South of Mason and Dixon's line you manufacture none in all your borders. Can you retain it now, by force? If so, you will do infinitely better than you did in 1814. The English, then, without any fear, could have crowned a king in your Capitol. They drove five thousand of your men from Bladensburg; and although you knew the design of the enemy was to invade and burn, you retreated, and stopped not to fire a gun in its defence.

"I impugn not your courage, nor reflect upon your motives; I but hazard the opinion that, had the Capitol stood amid the rocks of New England or the rough hills of the North, five thousand of her yeomanry would have struck and, if necessary, perished in its defence. Since that time, some of your people have been very solicitous about the archives. You know Governor Wise, in 1856, had Fremont been elected President, was prepared to march with one hundred thousand men to the capital, and seize the archives; but some persons very wickedly suggested that it might be the Treasury he was after."

You should have seen the scowling faces and heard the grating teeth of the Fire-eaters when they listened to passages like these. In fact, the whole speech was made up of such passages. It bristled all over with wit and invective; and if Van Wyck would deliver it in Lyceums at the North, it would make his fortune, for he is a fine orator and a fascinating person in his manners and general appearance.

Mr. Seward is gaining steadily here and elsewhere as a candidate for the Chicago Convention, and, unless there is a turn in the tide, will overslaugh Bates, Banks, Cameron and the whole batch of milk-and-water candidates. I think *The Tribune* is right in one thing—unless Seward or Chase is to be nominated, by all means let the Convention take Bates. He is immeasurably superior to Banks, Cameron or any other man of that stamp. He is *a Southern emancipationist*, and that puts him a thousand miles ahead of any spoils-seeking Republican politician. Only such a man as Seward, or Chase, or Cassius Clay—men who are not only in advance of Bates in their views and opinions of the slavery question, but are strictly *honest* men—is to be preferred to Bates. But Seward is the man. Avon.

[FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.]

THADDEUS HYATT BEFORE THE SENATE.

Washington, March 10, 1860.

Yesterday, at 2 o'clock, Thaddeus Hyatt was brought before the Senate to answer for contempt of that august body in not obeying their call to appear before them and answer their questions in regard to what he knew about the John Brown Invasion of Virginia. The Vice-President inquired if the witness (Mr. Hyatt) was ready to answer the interrogatories propounded.

Mr. Hyatt said his answer was in writing. As he did not wish to read it himself, he placed the manuscript on the Clerk's desk. Mr. Mason, of Va., desired an examination of the manuscript, to ascertain if it was under oath. The Vice-President reported that the document was in proper form, and the Clerk commenced reading it, but had not proceeded far before Mr. Mason seemed to wish the reading to be dispensed with, as he considered that the accused had entered into an argument instead of answering the questions. Mr. Mason also wished to pass over the first question till Mr. Hyatt had answered the second. Mr. Sumner, of Mass., said he was opposed to that procedure—that it was unjust, &c. Mr. Saulsbury, of Del., was opposed to having the document read. So also was Mr. Benjamin, of La., who said that Mr. Hyatt, instead of answering the questions or giving his reasons for not answering, was making an argument. He thought he ought not to be permitted, to make an argument. As if a man giving his reasons for not doing a thing could do it without argument! His reasons are an argument. Are they not? Mr. Benjamin did not seem to see the force of that. Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, made a short speech in favor of reading the document. So did Mr. Fessenden, of Me., who spoke earnestly on the matter, and with such effect that Mr. Mason yielded. Mr. King, of N. Y., was also in favor of having it read, and made a short speech. Mr. Trumbull, of Ill., moved to refer the document to the Committee, that they might examine it and report to the Senate. Not carried. Mr. Fessenden said he thought it strange that the Senate should bring a person before it to answer questions and then refuse to hear him; such a course was unprecedented in any court of justice in the world. Finally, the yeas and nays were demanded, which resulted in 40 yeas in favor of having the document read to the Senate and 12 against it. So it was read; but members were very uneasy during the reading, especially the Democrats, who began soon to leave, so that by the time that two-thirds of it had been read, not one member was in his seat on that side of the House, and but eight on the Republican side.

Waving the latter part of the reading, Mr. Mason came forward and objected to the reading of that part which denies the right of the Senate to institute the investigation. A brief debate ensued, when the reading was resumed, continuing nearly one hour and a half.

Mr. Mason then submitted two resolutions: First, that Mr. Hyatt, having failed to give a satisfactory answer to the question propounded, be committed by the Sergeant-at-Arms to the common jail of the District of Columbia until he shall be willing to answer. Second, that whenever Mr. Hyatt becomes willing to answer the questions that may be propounded to him by the Committee, the jailor shall inform the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, who shall take him immediately before the Committee and hold him in custody, subject to the action of the Senate.

A brief discussion followed. Mr. Clingman wanted to have the whole subject disposed of before the Senate adjourned. Mr. Doolittle wished to speak upon the subject, but, as it was late, he had not time, so an amendment was offered by Mr. Mason, as follows:

"Ordered, That Thaddeus Hyatt be remanded to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, there to remain until the further order of the Senate."

The other resolution was left to be discussed on Monday. The Senate then adjourned.

It is said here that the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee, after a long deliberation, have decided not to call Gov. Wise before them. The minority of the Committee have been very anxious to have the testimony of the ex-Governor of Virginia, in order that the contents of John Brown's papers, which he is said to have in his possession, might be brought to light; but the majority refuse. The reason is supposed to be that the majority are fearful that he would not be willing to attend, or would be unwilling to testify to what information he has in possession; and that the Committee, to be consistent, would be obliged to treat him as they want to treat Mr. Hyatt.

The truth is, this Investigating Committee appears to be as one-sided, despotic, inquisitorial a band as ever was organized. After all their one-sidedness, they have failed in their object.

On Monday, at half-past 1, Mr. Hyatt was again brought to the bar of the Senate by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. Mason, the Chairman of the Senate's Investigating Committee, introduced a resolution, the purport of which was that Mr. Hyatt, having failed to answer the two interrogatories of the Committee, should be conducted by the Sergeant-at-Arms to the jail in the District of Columbia, there to remain till he is willing to give a satisfactory answer.

Mr. Sumner rose and defended the cause of Mr. Hyatt, and condemned the proceedings of the Committee and Senate, which he said were unprecedented, unconstitutional and unjust. He spoke in a decided and able manner for half an hour. He compared their course to the inquisition in its *worst days*.

Mr. Fessenden, of Me., took the ground that the Senate had full power in the case.

Mr. Hale, of N. H., spoke against the whole procedure, in an able manner. He was followed by Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., who fully justified the Senate and their Committee. Mr. Crittenden was followed by Mr. Simmons, of R. I., who thought that Mr. Hyatt had made a sufficient excuse, which ought to be satisfactory. He therefore moved an amendment in favor of the prisoner's discharge, which motion was pending at 4 o'clock, when this reporter left. Justice.

"The Senatorial Tapster" is the title of a picture in last week's *Vanity Fair*, which certainly has the merit of truthfulness if not of artistic finish. It represents a bar-room, in which are seen two pipes or barrels, one labelled "Rochester, 1850"—the other, "Senate, 1860." The landlord, whose face exhibits a strong resemblance to that of one of the Senators of the Empire State, is drawing a mug of liquid from the barrel marked "Senate;" and before him stands a customer, who has apparently called for a drink. Between them occurs the following dialogue:

"*Customer*—I notice you draw your ale very mild now, William.

"*Landlord Seward*—Yes, this is a new tap, some I brewed myself last Wednesday; my customers thought the Rochester Ale was rather too strong."

This hits the nail on the head exactly. If *Vanity Fair* were as happy always in its illustrations as it is in this instance, it would soon become as great a power as the London *Punch*. But when it descends to the witless and insolent vulgarity of representing the finest orator of the age as wearing the ears of an ass, it puts itself beyond the pale of legitimate criticism.

OBITUARY.

DECEASE OF A. H. ERNST.

We were deeply saddened, a few weeks since, by the painful intelligence that our highly esteemed friend and brother, Andrew H. Ernst, of Cincinnati, was languishing on his death-bed. Till then, we had heard nothing from him for a considerable time, and knew not but all was well with him. A few days more elapsed, and a brief letter from his desolate and almost inconsolable wife announced his decease. It took place on the 18th of February. What a loss to *her*, to his children, to his friends, to all the circles, private and public, which were privileged with his society! But God forbid that amid their bitter tears and overwhelming grief, widow, orphans and friend should doubt that their loss is his gain. They cannot. They must, indeed, mourn in the profoundest sorrow; but a still small voice will continually reiterate the consoling whisper, "He is not lost, but gone before"—gone before to his ever-blessed Spirit Home, where they shall, in due time, rejoin him with hosannahs of triumph over death and all earthly ills.

Nearly thirty years ago, Br. Ernst made himself known to us as a cordial sympathizer in our distinctive doctrine of *Restorationism*. He encouraged and sustained us as Editor of the *Independent Messenger*, and was afterwards a kind and steadfast friend. This relation was strengthened by his subsequent marriage with one of our most estimable and devoted Christian friends, Sarah H. Otis, of Boston, who is now his heart-crushed widow. By their choice we presided at their wedding, which took place in the Hollis Street Church, Sept. 14, 1841. Soon after the Hopedale Community was started. Br. Ernst sent the association a liberal donation of fruit-trees from his nursery. Pleasant interchanges by letters and visits, too infrequent indeed, have preserved the ties of personal friendship. Our worthy brother could not embrace all our extreme doctrines of religious faith and practice; but wherein he dissented, always treated our convictions with kindness and respect. He was an honest, upright, noble-hearted man in all life's relations; whole souled, enterprising, persevering and indomitable in all his laudable undertakings. His memory is deservedly precious, honored and blessed—not only within the weeping circle of his family, but in every associative sphere in which he moved.—*Practical Christian, Hopepale, Mass.—Rev. Adin Ballou editor.*

At the hall of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, at the Church and at Spring Grove, solemn rites were observed yesterday, in memory of this departed citizen and lover of nature.

The Horticultural Society.—A large number of the fruit and flower-growers of this city and vicinity, members of the Horticultural Society, met at noon at their hall, Wm. Orange, President, in the chair, and E. J. Hooper, Secretary.

Dr. John A. Warder delivered an eloquent panegyric on his friend and associate, and the friend and associate of the sympathizing members, which was ordered to be published with the proceedings of the Society.

Mr. J. P. Foote, from a special Committee, submitted appropriate resolutions. Remarks were made by several of the members in eulogy of the life and services of the deceased.

A procession was formed, and members, with a badge of cypress, repaired to the Unitarian Church, where was assembled a congregation composed of ladies and citizens of various creeds. A great number of pioneers were present. An excellent and impressive address was then made by Rev. Mr. Conway.

A large cavalcade attended the remains to Spring Grove, where, in due time, his name will be recorded on the monument designed to point out his resting place. The whole cemetery, however, is his monument, for his taste and skill was manifested in it from its purchase.—*Cincinnati paper.*

Summary.

Free Negroes Excluded from Missouri.—*St. Louis, March 8.*—The bill excluding free negroes from this State, under the penalty of becoming slaves, passed the Senate yesterday. It had previously passed the House. The same bill passed both Houses at the last session, but failed to receive the signature of the Governor.

Slave Labor.—The Louisville *Courier* relates an instance of meanness, on the part of a resident of that city, which, we think, can hardly be equalled. He sold one of his slaves, a few days since, for a large sum of money. The black requested his old master to bring him his clothes from his late home. He complied, but charged him twenty-five cents for doing it.

Mr. George Sumner lately delivered two lectures in Detroit, on the Union between Freedom and Education, and the necessity of a proper separation between the judicial and legislative powers for maintaining a free government. In the course of his remarks Mr. Sumner laid down certain great principles necessary to the very existence of free government, and the violation of which by Spain and other countries have led to the overthrow of liberty. Whereupon the Democratic organ of that city imagined it saw a negro in the wood-pile, and denounced the lectures as Black Republican stump speeches. The party in power ought to strike the words "freedom," "liberty," and a few others of that class, out of the dictionary, as they removed the first from Pierce's mulatto cents. In fact, we are surprised that Webster and Worcester have not ere this been denounced as incendiary publications. —*Evening Post.*

Seizure of a Northern Vessel.—The Supreme Court of Virginia has recently had a case on trial in which a Northern vessel was seized at Norfolk and confiscated for having, on a former occasion, left without being searched for fugitive slaves, and paying a fee of $5 for the search. The Court reserves its decision till May. Should this be unfavorable to the captain and owners, they will carry it up to the U. S. Supreme Court.

Burning Spurgeon's Sermons.—The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail* says the vigilance committee at that place is engaged in burning dangerous books, and that two volumes of Spurgeon's sermons have been contributed for their bonfires, and that they will be burnt. The *Mail* calls for more. Such conduct is on a par with that of the Catholic priest of Bogota, who recently burned a lot of Protestant Bibles in the public square. It is worthy of the dark ages.

Returning to Slavery.—The Memphis *Appeal* of the 18th ult., says: Six negroes, who were set at liberty about six years ago, and who have been experiencing the delights (?) of freedom during that period in the State of New York, were passengers by the Tecumseh last night for the scene of their former servitude, in the vicinity of Helena, Ark. They prefer Southern slavery to Northern liberty. [A very doubtful story. —*Ed. Standard.*]

Prosperity of the Slave Trade—A Startling Rumor.—The Savannah (Geo.) *Republican*, of the 5th inst., says the City of Norfolk left this port yesterday for New York, it being her last appearance in these waters, as she has been sold to parties in that city. Silence as to her next duties has created suspicion as to what is to be done with her. It is given out that she is to be overhauled, and her power increased so as to increase her speed, but what this great expense is to be undertaken for is a question which no one seems disposed or authorized to answer. The rumor on the street is that she is to go to the West Coast of Africa for a cargo of "*Ebony*."

In the Alabama Legislature a series of resolutions have been reported from a joint select committee asserting the right of any State to secede from the confederacy; that the assaults upon slavery may constrain her to a reluctant but early exercise of that right; that having declared she would not submit to the domination of a sectional Northern party, and appropriated money for military contingencies, she pledges herself to a cordial participation in every effort which shall advance the common interests; and authorizing the Governor to appoint one deputy from each Congressional district and two from the State at large to attend such a convention whenever it may be called.

"The Bubble Burst."—Under this heading the New York *Times* ridicules the miscarriage of Mr. Memminger and Gen. Starke in their Virginia embassies, and it adds:

"The Southern Conference seems to be indefinitely postponed; and it is to be hoped that the other slave States will now remove their poles from the ribs of Virginia, and let that much perturbed community have a little needful repose. She has evidently no intention whatever either of dissolving the Union or of holding a Conference, and has given so many indications of that fact that her tormentors are, to say the least, discourteous in affecting not to see them."

It is not long since *The Times* itself was trying to blow this bubble into importance, and expressing great apprehensions lest the Union should go by the board.—*Evening Post.*

Suspicious Negro-Dealer.—A man named Bagby, from Atlanta, Ga., appeared in this city some time ago, with negroes for sale, we learn, and effected a sale of two of them to as many of our citizens—one to a gentleman residing near Mount Meigs, and the other to a gentleman of this city. Subsequently it was ascertained that the negroes were what are called "Delaware apprentices," and Bagby had no right to sell them into slavery. It is alleged to us that the negro sold near Mount Meigs, soon ran off with his purchaser's horse, also having in possession a considerable portion of money, supposed to be a portion of the purchase money received by Bagby. This negro was arrested in Tuskegee and brought back.

It is further alleged to us that Bagby, being confronted by the purchasers and charged as above, immediately refunded the purchase money for the two negroes, left the city, and has since sent back for the other negroes he had brought here. They have been sent to him, at Atlanta.

If Bagby cannot make a clear title to the negroes, his career certainly ought to be stopped by some process.—*Mont. (Ala.) Mail.*

A "Caste" Decision.—The *Missionary Herald* of March has an account of a decision made by an English magistrate at Ahmednugger, India, which, if acted upon, will completely revolutionize the position of Christians in India. It seems that some Christian converts connected with the society under the charge of the American missionaries drew water out of the public tanks, which, as outcasts or low caste people, it was claimed they had no right to do. An appeal was made to the magistrate, who decided that the Christians might have all the rights which they had before conversion.

The Hindoos, not satisfied with this, appealed to the Governor in Council, who not only confirmed the decision of the magistrate, but went one step farther, and reminded the Hindoos that, according to their own Shasters, "the caste of the Ruler is equal to the highest!" Thus all Christians, being of "the caste of the Ruler," or of the British Queen, are made the highest at once.—*Zion's Herald.*

New England Female Medical College.—The exercises for the graduating class of this institution took place at the college building last Wednesday, in the presence of a crowded audience. Dr. Fayban, the President, in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Parker. An interesting thesis was read by Mrs. Jackson, one of the graduates. The valedictory by Prof. Tracy was replete with good advice, and was an appropriate farewell. Impromptu but very interesting remarks were made by Rev. Messrs. Waterston and Hepworth, on the propriety of having lady physicians, and of a thorough physiological training for all young ladies.

The address specially provided by the faculty was by Mrs. C. M. Severance. It asserted that ladies had the talent, genius and right

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

TO THE MEMORY OF M. L.

THROUGH the still hours of the winter day
I sat and thought of one I may not name;
Through my loved window, in a golden stream,
The sunlight came, and still I thought of her
Whose face was like the angels of our dreams
Whose life the poet sings, and dreams of heaven.
I may not name thee; when thou wert on earth,
Worthless to thee was all the world's acclaim;
What sound may reach thee where thou movest now!
The sweetest, loftiest strain of earthly song
May fall like discord on the ear attuned
To the low hymning of the cherubim,
And the hosannas rolling thro' the spheres.
So with all reverence I'll breathe thy name
To all things pure and beautiful on earth,
All thou did'st love, all that were like to thee.
The first pale flowers of spring's annuliest days,
The peach that blossoms by the garden wall,
The orchard blooms, the ripened harvest grain,
The purple clouds in sunset's golden seas,
The quiet stream, the cataract's amber sheen,
And the pure sunlight glorifying all—
To these I'll sing of thee, for through thy lays
They flit like tropic birds thro' forest trees.
But not alone, sweet singer, not alone
Of birds, and flowers, and waters was thy song;
Thou did'st not sit crown'd wit love's crowning bliss,
Dreaming of beauty in thy Eden-home,
And weaving pleasant lays and loving strains,
Full of melodious sweetness, when on the wind,
The sweet south wind, which swept the rose-leaves o'er
The waving grass, or brushed the dew that lay
Upon the Morning Glory's azure disk,
Were borne low plaintive cries, and dying groans,
And stifled moans, of bitter agony
From bondmen toiling in the far South-land,
Whom love crowns not, and beauty may not bless.

O when the slowly-circling years shall bring
The Year for which all other years are made,
The Year which ushers in the Golden Age;
When wars shall be no more, and dove-eyed Peace
Shall spread her brooding wings o'er every land;
When earth, the happy earth, shall bud and bloom
Like a vast Eden, 'neath a sky of blue,
And one great shout of joy shall reach God's throne
From the freed Nations, free forevermore;
O then, in those blest golden years, when life
Shall seem a sunny day in summer time,
When all the air is sweet with singing birds,
Will not the poet be remembered then,
Who, in the darker ages, sang of peace,
And love, and light, and freedom to the slave?
And as the memory of a light of dread,
Of storm and darkness, cometh o'er the soul,
When in the East morn breaks serene and calm,
E'en so thy "Africa," with folded hands
And "massy lips," whence only moanings come,
Throned on the burning desert sands, shall seem
In the clear sunlight of that happier time. T. E D.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXXI.

WE are to suppose the flight of weeks and months, the passage of winter, with its winds and snows, and the coming and going of March, April and May, in the interim which marks the last chapter from the present, and to find ourselves now in the middle of the lesty June—the fairest month of all the twelve. Few changes had occurred in the lives of the occupants of Vertner Place, if, indeed, we except a trip to New Orleans, where our little Madge saw the great world of fashionable life as it heaved, bounded and *rollicked* in that most brilliant and dissipated of American cities. She went to the opera, theatre, *bal masqué* at the St. Charles; drove down the famous shell road; lounged through the mornings in galleries and print shops; dined and supped late; laughed at the beaux and criticized the belles; moved among the brilliant throng, but bore no part in its revelry. At length, after wearying through three months, Mrs. Vertner concluded, to Madge's delight, to return to Kentucky. The tedium of the latter portion of the *soi disant* gay season was enlivened by a visit from Mr. Butler, who had just returned from Havana in time to join the Vertner party and accompany them to Mobile. Those were delightful, sunny afternoons when he and Madge sauntered along the bay, gathering shells and talking poetry. Madge did not say much; *she only listened.* He used, sometimes, while in New Orleans, to drive her, in an open chaise, for miles down the shell road. When beyond the city, she often took the reins from him and drove for some distance, while he lolled back with a sort of *laissez-faire* manner, admiring the small white hands that so dexterously guided the reins. During such hours of sweet, familiar intercourse, who can say what mysterious sympathy grew up between them? Certain it is that the wild eyes of our young heroine now began to grow dreamy beneath their curtain of long, slumbrous-looking lashes, and her cheeks flushed and paled more rapidly than was their wont, while a pretty, peculiar pettishness marked her manner. About this time Helen Norton observed a change in the tone of Madge's letters to her; there was no longer that critical vein, no curt, sententious observations upon the "fashionability," as Madge termed those gay metropolitans; she also missed the light-hearted jest, the witty animadversion or hilarious description. All was toned down, subdued and half solemn, with an occasional mention of Mr. Butler, such as "he says or thinks so."

"I understand and see it all," exclaimed Helen, as she one day folded up a short letter from Madge. "She is engaged, and will not or does not choose to tell me. Well, never mind, I shan't question her about it."

Mr. Butler accompanied the Vertners home; and when Helen first saw him and Madge together, her conjecture was confirmed,

"But, dear Helen," cried Madge, after the first embrace was over, "how pale and thin you look. I really think you should have gone with us to Orleans. The air was so soft and balmy—soft as our May. I wished for you often, particularly when *we* strolled through the orange groves or drove down the shell road."

"Whom do you mean by *we?*" asked Helen, with a smile.

"Oh, nonsense! mamma, papa and all of us," Madge replied, with a blush.

Several days after, when they were alone in Madge's queer little room, and as Helen rested on the sofa, and her friend sat on an ottoman beside her, chafing those now sunken temples, Helen asked,

"And what, Madge, of Mr. Butler? He has come back with you. Why and in what capacity?"

Madge turned away her head; the long lashes drooped till they swept her crimson cheek, and her fingers toyed with the ribbon-lacings of her basque.

"Come, tell me, Mignion," added Helen, coaxingly.

"Well" (in a whisper), "we are engaged; but, dear Helen, don't look at me or speak of it. I am free on every other subject, but this one seems to involve the charm and mystery of my very life, and so changes or seems to change my whole nature that I hug it to and hide it in my heart, almost as if it were a guilty thing; and yet I am not coy, as you know, on other matters; but this strange, new relation that I have entered into appears like a wild, fanciful dream, which a word, a tone may possibly dissolve."

All this was said with an averted face and in a voice subdued to a whisper.

"How you love him, and with so much of romance!" added Helen, very softly.

"Not romance, Helen," Madge replied, as she withdrew her hand from the prolonged clasp of her friend's, "but perhaps fervor; and yet, when we were first engaged, I can't say that I was happy. It seemed that I had parted from my own independence—bartered away the right to myself. Several times I was on the eve of going to Mr. Butler and begging him to release me from the oppressive bond. In those dreary hours of doubting love, Helen, I wished for you, and once actually wrote a long, full letter describing my state of feeling, but did not send it. I had no one to talk to; I dared not go to mamma, for I knew she would condemn it as eccentricity; and so I worked it out alone—a difficult problem, to be sure. I never afterward dared to tell Mr. Butler; for do you know, Helen, I can't think that men understand women!"

"No, they don't; how can they? But my husband seems to know *me* as thoroughly as any one—as thoroughly as I wish him."

"What does he intend doing with your slaves? I thought they were to be freed at once," inquired Madge, in her old, abrupt way, as, without an apology or explanation, she broke off from the main staple of their conversation.

"Oh!" (Helen coughed), "they are to be liberated as soon as the affairs of the estate are wound up; but my father's business was left in a dreadfully perplexed condition, and the executors seem fearfully slow in winding it up; but we must bide our time and patiently await results."

"It is a pity you cannot do it at once; for I am sure you must dislike this putting off of a solemn duty; beside—beside"—

She could not finish the sentence; tears choked her utterance.

"Beside," continued Helen, "you were going to say *I* may not live to witness the performance of so just a deed. Don't cry, Madge; I know my fate—know that the sand in my glass is almost run out; but, then, my noble husband, he who first taught us the sin of slavery, will remain to do the work."

"Is there no question of his doing what you wish?"

"Madge" (Helen's cheek flushed), "how can you ask such a question? Who made you and me Abolitionists? Who spoke the first anti-slavery word, uttered the first free thought and liberal sentiment we ever heard? Who but my husband? And now you ask if there is any doubt of his acting out the whole of his idea and performing his duty? Madge, I am surprised."

"Nonsense, Helen, why get excited about such a thing? I have heard papa say that not one in a hundred or even one in a thousand of those talking Abolitionists would *act* out the theory they preach if they could change places with slaveholders; moreover, I heard that the people about here, the villagers and country men, were speaking of Mr. Norton as a suspected person, when some one observed, 'Oh, no, indeed, we have fixed him; as soon as he married Helen Mason, and got negroes of his own, you didn't hear any more of the "sin of slavery." I dare say he calls the institution divine by this time. Don't say anything about him; he is all right on the goose.' Now, I am sure, Helen, you do not wish your husband to be charged in this way with such cruel and selfish inconsistency; do you?"

"I don't like it, Madge; of course ill-natured remarks are never pleasant; but I am by no means as much annoyed as you probably expected; for I know and cannot blame the villagers for speaking thus. They do not understand a mind and heart like Mr. Norton's. He is made on a plan too far above them. But I do not like for you, Madge, my nearest and dearest friend, to doubt him. Be sure everything will be for the best; and the great plan which my husband proposes will be carried out fully and entirely. I would as soon doubt the old, eternal principles of Justice and Truth as distrust him. Unworthy taint or doubt never yet touched his name."

Large tears stood in Madge's clear eyes and lingered lovingly upon the sweeping fringe of brown lashes as she laid her head tenderly upon Helen's shoulder, saying,

"Forgive me if I believe that we are all mortal."

"What do you think, Madge," said Mrs. Vertner, as she entered the room, holding in her hand two fine Bohemian wine-glasses of different color—"what do you think? That beautiful amber glass belonging to my Harlequin set is missing. I am sure Ruth has broken it. This is the first time I have been into the china closet since early last summer, before we went to the Cave. Col. Vertner wishes to have a little card party this evening, and I went in the pantry to get out this set, and I find the handsomest glass missing. It spoils the set, and I am puzzled what to do, for such things can't be replaced in our little good-for-nothing village. Helen, has your mother a set of Bohemian?"

"No, ma'm, I am sorry, but we have nothing of the kind."

"It is too provoking. Nothing goes right in the pantry, china-closet or dining-room since that vile Daniel ran off."

"Why, mamma, I am sure you said you were glad that he was gone, and wished that all the others might follow, as they were only a good-for-nothing, trifling set," observed Madge, with a sly smile.

"So they are, and the bother and pest of my life; but you should not say a word, Madge Vertner; for if it had not been for your impertinent interference, your father would have advertised Daniel, and then we should have had him back. Ruth is very awkward in the dining-room. I believe I'll have her hired out next year, and will hire a boy in her place. I don't think it is proper to have a girl in the dining-room; besides, a woman is never as quick or so good a waiter; but there comes Ruth. I'll attack her with this. She is certainly the most artful creature and ready at a falsehood."

The girl entered, with a broad smile lighting up her countenance, and looking very tidy in her clean apron and head handkerchief.

"When did you break that amber Bohemian glass belonging to this set?" asked Mrs. Vertner, as she held the glasses toward Ruth.

"Me, miss—me, miss—*me*—*me* never broke dat wine-glass; me never seed it sense I's bin 'tendin' on de dinin'-room an' keepin' de pantry. I'm sure Dan'l must have broke it. Dan'l was *powerful* kereless boy. I hearn 'm say dat he broke more *chany* and flung it away dan I could shake a broom at. Dan'l was an orful sly 'un, miss."

All this was delivered in a rapid tone and with an unflinching, wide-open eye as she stared her mistress full in the face. No lawyer could have excelled her in the readiness and art of lying. Moreover, she had an old grudge against Daniel for running off to Canada without giving her a hint, and now liked to implicate him. Mrs. Vertner looked alternately at Helen and Madge, then at Ruth.

"'Tis de truth dat I speaks, miss; 'pon my soul it is; I could cross my heart to it."

"Helen," asked Mrs. Vertner, "did you ever hear anything quite equal to this? I am sure that girl broke the glass; and though she knows her punishment will be slight, if any, she prefers telling a lie to the truth."

"I hain't told no lie, miss; hope de Lord may kill me if I has."

"Mistress, does you want to know who broke dat 'ar wine-glass tumbler?" exclaimed Pomp, as he rushed in at the open door, looking very "smart" and spry, in a red soldier-jacket with brass buttons, which his Miss Madge had given him.

"I ken tell yer all 'bout it, kase I seed 'em."

Ruth turned suddenly round upon the boy.

"'T'wasn't me, was it, Pomp? 'twas Dan'l, wasn't it? yer seed him." Then, in a whisper, she said, "I'll give you a bagful of marbles and a gum-ball."

"No, now, Ruth, me ain't gwine to tell a story to miss, not fur two bags o' marbles; but will you (in an undertone) gib me dat feather an' old ridin'-hat you stole from Miss Madge? If yer will, I'll say what yer wants me to."

Before Ruth had time to reply, Mrs. Vertner had taken Pomp by the arm and drawn him away, saying,

"Now, if you dare to tell me a lie, I'll have you taken to the lock-up or sent to the overseer. Come, what do you know about that glass?"

"Well, now, mistress, last summer, when you all was 'way, dat yaller 'ooman, Rachel she call herself, come here one day to see Uncle Peter an' Aunt Polly; and Aunt Polly brung Rachel down here to de dinin'-room, whar Ruth an' Dan was a-sittin', courtin'; dey use to be all time talkin' 'long 'emselves or walkin' 'bout locked arms; an' Dan'l, he went an' got out some wine an' cake, and dem fine tumblers, jest de same as you's got in yer hands, an' dey all tuck a glass o' wine and a slice o' cake. I looked in de winder an' seed 'em, so I axed Dan'l please to give me some. I thought you wouldn't kere, miss, if I had a little as long as de rest was a usin' it up. I didn't mean to drink—de wine out o' yer tumbler—no, indeed, miss, I wouldn't do de like of dat. I was gwine to git my tin cup, an' git de wine in dat; but Dan'l, he jest put his hand out de winder an' shoved me off, an' said, 'go way, bigger, when yer betters is eatin' an' drinkin'"; but I never went 'way; I jest looked right in at 'em. Dar dey all sot round—Aunt Polly wid 'em—drinkin' de wine an' eatin' de cake, an' my mouth jist watered fur it. Every two or three minits Dan'l keep sayin' to me, 'go way, Pomp,' but I never minded of him, but looked right in at 'em. Ruthy had a yaller glass, an' she kept holdin' it on her fingers, jest like I tops my ball, when she let it fall off and break to pieces at her feet. Den Dan'l say it didn't make any difference when he seed Aunt Polly and Ruth so skeered. Dat is de way it got broke, miss."

"Laws, Pomp, ain't you 'shamed to tell sich an orful lie? Miss, 'fore Heaven, dar isn't a scrimption of de truth in dat 'ar he has bin a-tellin."

Mrs. Vertner took her purse from her pocket and gave the boy a dime. Pomp, quite elated at his success, bounded out of the room, after the "thankee, miss," was said. As he passed Ruth, she shook her fist at him saying,

"I'll pay you for dis, yet."

"Very well, Ruth, I see you; do you dare put on your impudent capers where I am?" said Mrs. Vertner; "this is the way you behave yourselves when I leave home, is it? You are the meanest and most ungrateful set of negroes that I ever heard of, after all my efforts to make you religious. Don't I give you time of Sunday afternoons to go to church? And when clergymen are here and hold prayers, don't I allow you to come in and kneel down in the corner. Yet you will lie in this way. Well, I can't blame myself, for I have had you all talked to by religious men, and I paid thirty dollars toward the building of that African church; yet this is the reward. Go out, now, Ruth; the overseer will settle this matter with you."

Of course the girl began to cry, but not to beg; she knew that further remonstrance would be of no avail, so she did as she was commanded.

"Isn't it too bad," said Mrs. Vertner, "that I should be so treated by my servants when I do such a good part by them? Helen, does your mother have so much trouble?"

"She doesn't complain as much as she used to, and, I really think, gets along better; though they do annoy her a great deal. You know she is nervous and weak."

"Mamma," put in Madge, "I do not think it was anything wrong for the servants to have had a little amusement while we were off enjoying ourselves at the Cave. I am sure the wine they drank was never missed; and as for breaking your glass, to be sure it spoils a handsome set, however we can easily replace it when we visit the city; but, dear mamma, I didn't feel exactly right about your giving Pomp a reward for his treachery."

"It was no treachery," said Helen, who was anxious for the exactness of terms.

"Yes, to his race. I never like to have one of the servants tell on the other, and I shall discourage such a thing in Pomp; it looks mean."

"Did you ever hear any one talk so recklessly?" exclaimed Mrs. Vertner. "Why, Madge what sort of mistress will you make?"

"I never mean to keep slaves."

"Nonsense! you won't sell our old family servants when you are fortunate enough to come into immediate possession of your property."

"No; I'll do something better by them. I'll set them free."

"Ridiculous! Madge, do remember that you are on the verge of womanhood, no longer a child, and don't talk such nonsense. It seems as if your mind did not grow an inch; you talk as a child. But what do you think of Ruth's stealing your riding-hat? Pomp said something about it. Have you missed it?"

"Yes, I lost an old, disused hat; but it was of so little consequence that I never cared to look for it. I am sure Ruth is entirely welcome."

"There, there," cried Mrs. Vertner, "is another evidence how little interest Madge takes in the souls of the negroes. She doesn't appear to understand religious responsibility, and would allow an offence of this kind to pass unnoticed. I take a very different view of it, and hold myself bound before the Lord to make these negroes obey God's law, and not violate the commandments. Our clergyman always said that it was a very beautiful relation, that of master, mistress and slave; and I think so, too, when the slaves are willing, obedient and docile; but mine are so ungrateful."

"Mamma, what have slaves to do with God's written law or the Ten Commandments? They can't read."

"But I send mine alternate weeks to the black Sunday schools, and they have preachers who tell them their duty."

"Poor mamma!" exclaimed Madge, as Mrs. Vertner left the room, "she really thinks so."

"Ah, there is the difficulty," replied Helen; "when people believe an error, they are not willing to open their minds to truth. Our friends act upon a predetermined sentiment, and so they lock up their consciences, and we don't know how to work best with them."

"Well, Helen, I found something the other day that pleased me very much. Papa asked me to overhaul some papers for him and clear out one of his secretary drawers While I was doing it, I found a little pamphlet; it was a speech of some Northern man of whom I never heard, because I do not read political papers. Well, I began reading it. Of course there was much that I did not understand—reference to old party measures, Congressional enactments, &c.—but there was a charm and spell about the language and spirit that went direct to my heart. The more I read, the more the fascination increased. That man is an earnest, truth-loving, great-souled character. I read the little pamphlet through two or three times, and was so charmed by it that, even as I held it in my hands, the paper itself appeared to magnetize me. I forgot to look for the paper papa wished; and when he came into the library, he found me sitting on the carpet, busily reading this speech; when I showed it to him, he laughed heartily."

"What was the name of the speaker?"

"*William H. Seward.*"

"Oh!"

"Did you ever hear of him?"

"Yes, indeed; from him, I rather suspect, my husband has borrowed some of his strongest arguments. But what did your father say of Mr. Seward?"

"Well, after he had laughed heartily at me, and expressed surprise that I could even understand the speech, I asked him to tell me who and what Mr. Seward was. He represented him as a fine subtle-minded politician of great power; and, to use papa's exact expression, he said, 'Seward can drive the political car like a very steam engine'; he also added that if it were not for a few fanciful notions of philanthropy, he would say that Mr. Seward was as wise as Jefferson and as resolute as Jackson. Then, will he not sometime be our President? I asked. 'Yes,' said papa, 'when people get better; but just now we want wicked craft.' Now, Helen, what do you suppose papa meant? For, pretty soon after he said, 'But, Madge, I do not want you to bother yourself with political speeches. There is another course of reading more suited to your mind.' But he had better let me read what I wish to, for I am not, as you know, much attracted to books of any description."

"Will you let me see that speech?"

"Yes, indeed; I took possession of it, and have it hid away. I am going to find out if he has any others published; and if so, I shall get them all."

Certainly he has, my dear—a whole volume of them. Don't you know all over the country he is regarded as our first public man; the only politician whom the South really fears, for they say he is as wise as he is true; and though Southern politicians have watched him closely and tried to ferret out some flaw in his character, some inconsistency, some short-coming or even social error, yet the whole corps of political detectives could find nothing against him; and so they—even his enemies—pronounce him our *preux chevalier*, '*sans peur, sans reproche.*'"

"How delighted I am to hear all this, Helen; but where do you learn so much of these public characters?"

"My husband tells me, and I read newspapers."

"Horrid old things! I couldn't read them," cried Madge, as she sprang to the window. "There, there comes Mr. Butler from his walk. He is beckoning to me, so I must go, dear Helen."

THE MAUSOLEUM MARBLES.

ENGLAND seems destined to become the depository of the relics of the grandeur of the departed empires of the world. Already exceedingly rich in the possession of the artistic glories of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, Xanthus and Carthage, our national museum could boast a finer collection of antiquities than the rest of Europe combined. The labors of Egin, Fellowes, Davis and Layard have now been crowned by Mr. Newton, who has succeeded in bringing safe to London the invaluable remains of that famous wonder of the world which lived but in a name, that celebrated embodiment of a wife's love and a queen's pride, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, which, after an existence of centuries, had succumbed to some unknown power, and apparently "left not a rack behind."

Before entering upon a rehearsal of the results of the successful excavations at Budrum, by which these treasures of ancient art have been acquired, a brief history of the circumstances in which the Mausoleum originated may not prove uninteresting.

Caria, a Dorian colony on the south coast of Asia Minor, after succumbing to Crœsus the Lydian, became, on his defeat by Cyrus the Great, a dependency of the Persian empire, although still governed by its own laws, and ruled by its native princes. When Mausolus, the eldest son of Hecatomnus, ascended the throne, Sparta, Athens and Thebes were contending for predominance in Greece, and preparing the way for Macedonian supremacy; Persia was struggling with revolted Egypt, and youthful Rome resisting the assaults of Volscians, Etruscans and Gauls. Comparatively free from the disturbing influences of war, the kingdoms and republics of Asia Minor grew in wealth and importance. The new monarch of Caria was ambitious of founding a powerful maritime state. In person, tall and handsome, Mausolus was as daring in battle as he was astute in his policy, and unscrupulous in carrying it out. He forced the Lydians to pay him tribute, conquered a portion of Ionia, and compelled Rhodes to acknowledge his superior power. He took part in the conspiracy of the satraps against Artaxerxes, and assisted the enemies of Athens in the Social War with equal impunity.

Mylasa, an inland city, was the capital of the kingdom; but, struck with the natural advantages possessed by the birthplace of Herodotus, Mausolus transferred the seat of government to Halicarnassus, and concentrated all his energies upon making it worthy its destiny. He rebuilt the half-ruined city, crowned the surrounding heights with defences, and rendered the harbor safe and commodious. The latter was in the shape of a horseshoe; from the water's edge, the town rose in terraces, presenting the appearance of a vast amphitheatre flanked by volcanic hills, from which the walls descended to the sea. Upon a rocky eminence stood the magnificent palace of the king, commanding a view of the forum, haven, and the entire circuit of fortifications.

In this palace, in the year 353, after a prosperous reign of twenty-four years, Mausolus died, and Artemisia, his sister-wife, reigned in his stead. Her first care was to celebrate the obsequies of her husband with great ceremonies and solemnities. Poetical and rhetorical contests took place, in which Theodectes obtained the crown for his tragedy of *Mausolus*, and Theopompus carried off the oratorical prize from his great master Isocrates. Having buried Mausolus, Artemisia resolved to honor his memory by the erection of a monument such as the world had never seen.

Pythius—probably the architect of the Temple of Minerva at Priene—seems to have been the artist selected to carry out the queen's design, assisted by Scopas—the reputed sculptor of the Venus of Milo—Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares, whose colossal statue of Mars stood in the Halicarnassian temple of that deity. Artemisia did not see the completion of her husband's monument, for she survived him but two years. Her successor, apparently, did not care to proceed with it, as we are assured that the artists finished their stupendous work out of love, looking upon its completion as necessary for their own fame and the honor of their art.

Nearly four hundred years afterwards, Pliny saw it in all its glory. According to him, the circumference of the building was about 411 feet; its breadth from north to south, 63 feet; its height, 25 cubits. It was ornamented with six-and-thirty columns. Above the pteron (colonnade) stood a pyramid equal in height to the lower building, and formed of twenty-four steps, gradually tapering towards the summit, which was crowned by a chariot and four horses, executed by Pythius, making the total height of the work no less than 140 feet. This gigantic monumental tomb was so solidly constructed as to defy for centuries the destroying hand of time. Vitruvius speaks of it as one of the marvels of the world; Martial alludes to its peculiar construction; Lucian extols the beauty of the marble, and the life with which the sculptors had endued it. In the second century, Pausanias declares how greatly the Romans admired it; in the fourth, it is mentioned by Gregory, bishop of Nazianzus; in the tenth, Constantinus Porphyrogenetes speaks of it as still exciting wonder and laudation; and in the twelfth century, Eustathius declares emphatically, "It was and *is* a marvel." The precise period at which the Mausoleum fell into ruin is uncertain. The probability is that some time in the two hundred years after Eustathius, it was overthrown by one of those violent earthquakes prevalent in Asia Minor, although the Halicarnassian peninsula had for two thousand years enjoyed an immunity from the dreadful visitations which made such havoc among its neighbors.

After the downfall of the Roman empire, misfortune after misfortune befell the once proud city of the waters, until its very name was forgotten, and its site occupied by a small village called Mesy, depending on the mercy of the pirates roving the neighboring sea. When the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem retreated to Rhodes in the year 1404, they were struck with the military advantages of the place, and took possession of it, and, under the directions of their Great Bailli, Henry Schlegelholt, they constructed a citadel or castle out of the ruins around them. In 1472, the Dalmatian Ceplo, who accompanied the Venetian expedition under Pietro Mocenigo, discerned the remains of the tomb of the Carian king. Eight years afterwards, the castle was repaired at their expense; but the threatened attack of Sultan Solyman in 1522 on the stronghold of the order was the signal for the utter destruction of the Mausoleum. Sensible that it was a struggle for life or death, and well aware of the importance of the position, a detachment of knights repaired to Mesy to place it in a state of defence. Finding no better stones for burning lime than some marble steps rising in a field near the harbor, they broke them up. In searching for more, they discovered that the building extended wider and deeper, and drew from it not only stones for the kiln, but sufficient for building their fortifications. Having uncovered the greater portion of the edifice, they one afternoon hit upon an opening, down which they scrambled till they found themselves in a beautiful hall, decorated with marble columns, with capitals, bases, architraves, cornices, and friezes in bas-relief. The interstices between the columns were cased with veneers of various-colored marbles—a Carian invention during the reign of Mausolus—ornamented in harmony with the other parts of the hall, the walls being covered with historical sculptures. After these artistic treasures had been duly admired, they shared the fate of the marble steps. Another entrance was then discovered leading through an ante-chamber into a noble apartment, in which stood a sarcophagus, with its white marble vase. For want of time, they did not stay to uncover it, but returned for that purpose next morning, when they found the place strewed with pieces of golden cloth and fragments of ornaments. Some of the corsairs ever hovering round the place had been before them, and carried off everything of value. Thus the shrine immortalized by the love and pride of Artemisia was desecrated by the petty robbers of the isles, and the regal relics of the Carian dynasty scattered to the winds, after remaining undisturbed for eighteen centuries.

Solyman expelled the Knights of St. John from Rhodes, and finally from Asia altogether. The Turks built Budrum on the remains of the Carian city; the sea cast its sands on the shore; and the rain washed down the earth from the hills, obliterating one by one the ancient landmarks, till the very site of the Mausoleum was a subject of mystery and dispute.

Thevenot, who visited Budrum in the middle of the seventeenth century, noticed some lions' heads and sculptured marble slabs inserted in the walls of the citadel, of which Dalton, a hundred years later, made drawings. They also attracted the attention of Gouffier, Moult, Beaufort, Von Osten, and Hamilton, but the jealous fears of the Turks seldom allowed any traveller to enter the interior of the castle. The Prussian professor, Ross, after seeing them in 1844, solicited his government to obtain possession of the slabs, as undoubted relics of the tomb of Mausolus; but our own archæologists had anticipated him, and, by their representations, induced Lord Palmerston to forward such instructions to Sir Stratford Canning that that ambassador procured a firman from the Porte authorizing the removal of the bas-reliefs, which were accordingly deposited in the British Museum in 1846, together with a cast from a similar slab discovered by Madame Schaffhausen in the pavilion of the Villa Negroni, Genoa. The interest excited by these marbles revived the question as to the position of the Mausoleum. Ross was of opinion that it stood on a platform just north of the harbor, between the two hills once crowned by the ancient citadels; while Captain Spratt, after a careful examination of the neighborhood, decided in favor of a lower position, due north from the castle, and east of the harbor. Neither of these sites was exactly reconcilable with the accounts of Pliny and Vitruvius; and Mr. Charles Newton—who had never visited Budrum—clinging to their veracity, rejected the decisions both of Ross and Spratt, and, in a paper in the *Classical Museum* for 1848, fixed upon a spot the surroundings of which had been so filled up by alluvial deposits that no traces of a terrace or platform were discernible. So the matter rested until 1856, when Mr. Newton was appointed vice-consul at Mitylene, and authorized to carry out excavations on a large scale at Budrum, three of her Majesty's ships being placed at his service, and every facility afforded him for bringing his labors to a successful issue.

The first results of Mr. Newton's operations were interesting, although not bearing upon their grand object: they consisted of an immense number of terra-cotta figures and red unglazed Roman lamps, apparently assorted as for sale, a block of stone with a dedicatory inscription to Demeter and Persephone, a nearly perfect mosaic pavement of Roman and Grecian tiles, and the torso of a life-size statue of a dancing-girl in rapid motion, more remarkable for boldness than grace, resembling the figures on the Harpagian monument among the Xanthian marbles. Prevented by the covetousness of the Turkish proprietors from proceeding with the excavation of Ross's platform, Mr. Newton turned his attention to another quarter, and, after two days' digging, discovered, on the very spot pointed out by him ten years before, portions of a frieze, a number of architectural ornaments, the forepart of a horse, and part of a colossal lion, exactly like those taken from the castle walls. There could be little doubt that the long-lost site was found; and proceeding with the work, he came upon pieces of Ionic columns, and the body of a colossal sitting figure. Close to this lay the remains of an equestrian statue, a noble specimen of Greek colossal sculpture. The horse is rearing. Its treatment exhibits great anatomical knowledge; the lower portion only of the rider's body is preserved; he is clad in Persian trousers; the hand with which he pulls back the animal is coarse, distinct and bony, with every vein marked. The body of a dog in high relief, and various fragments of lions, were the next acquisitions; some of the latter have, after a severance of four hundred years, been reunited to the bodies which had done duty in the citadel.

The foundations of the building were soon reached, and the area discovered to be a parallelogram measuring 100 by 126 feet, cut out of the natural rock; the interstices occasioned by the deficiencies in the rock being filled with oblong blocks of stone fixed with iron clamps, and the whole quadrangle paved with greenstone. Under an accumulation of soil on the western side was found a staircase of twelve steps, cut out of the rock, leading from the Theatre hill to the Mausoleum. Between these stairs and the side of the quadrangle, among terra-cotta fragments and the bones of sacrificial oxen, lay several large and beautiful alabaster ointment jars, the finest bearing two inscriptions, one in the cuneiform character, the other in hieroglyphics, rendered by Sir H. Rawlinson into "Xerxes the Great King"—a memorial, maybe, of Artemisia's having saved that monarch's children after the disaster of Salamis. In front of the spot on which this vase lay, the tomb was closed by a large stone weighing at least ten tons, grooved at the sides, and fixed into its place by bronze bolts inserted in sockets of the same metal, let into marble slabs. It must have been into this apartment that the knights penetrated in 1522.

On the eastern side were dug up the torso of a seated female, a portion of another colossal female, and four slabs of a frieze delineating Greeks and Amazons in conflict, but much superior in style and execution to those previously discovered, which, combined with the situation in which they lay, supplies reason for attributing them to Scopas. The figures have not the slimness noticeable in the better known slabs, while the action is less theatrical, and the subjects treated with great boldness and originality. There is one splendid group. A Greek is attacking an Amazon, who bends backward, preparatory to dealing a tremendous blow with her battle-axe; her tunic has slipped, and leaves bosom, neck and thighs uncovered. Indeed, the clever management of the drapery is a characteristic of all the Mausoleum sculptures.

These treasures, valuable as they are, sink into insignificance by the side of the wonders brought to light in excavating to the north of the Mausoleum. Beyond the apparent boundary of the building, a wall of white marble ran parallel to it; beyond this wall, under a mass of broken marble, was discovered a colossal horse in two pieces (since, however, ascertained to be portions of two separate animals), exceeding in size any Greek sculpture known. The bronze bit is still between the teeth. These are two of the four horses belonging to the chariot, the work of Pythius, and worthy of the best period of Grecian art, the treatment being broad, natural and masterly. Beside the horses lay a colossal lion, with the tongue chiselled to represent the prickly surface. Mr. Newton was now on rich ground: within a space of fifty feet by twenty lay piled upon one another, as they had fallen centuries ago, the finest sculptures of this wonder of the world. The two most important among them were mere fragments of marble; but every splinter was carefully collected, and, by the skill of Mr. Westmacott and his assistants, they have been reconstructed—the statue of Mausolus himself from no less than seventy-two pieces! This now only wants the back of the head, the arms and one foot. The whole conception is simple, yet grand. The Carian king stands in a dignified attitude; he wears a tunic and cloak, the former falling in continuous folds to the right hip; the heavy cloak descending from the left shoulder, down the back, to the right hip, crosses the chest, and is gathered under the left arm, forming a study in drapery from which the greatest living artists may learn something. The face is handsome and intelligent; the hair rises from the middle of the low forehead, falling in long curls over the ears; the moustache is full, and the beard short. This, the oldest Greek portrait-statue extant, exhibits a skilful combination of the real and ideal, and is indeed a most noble work. Its female companion is worthy of it; unfortunately, the head is missing. She is represented standing completely draped, with the exception of the arms and right foot; her right arm bends down towards her thigh, the raised left supporting her cloak, which covers the greater portion of the figure, the under-dress being visible over the bosom and round the ankles. More than 150 feet distant from the chariot-horse, Mr. Newton discovered half the nave, a piece of a spoke, and part of the outer circle of one of the chariot-wheels, from which the force with which the *quadriga* was thrown from its proud preëminence may be judged. Among the treasures found near the statue of Mausolus were a colossal leopard, evidently originally joined to some other figure, a beautiful colossal female head, a male head, and some more lions. Here also lay the squared marble blocks forming the steps of the pyramid on which the chariot stood. They are of a uniform depth of 11¼ inches, 2 and 3 feet in breadth, and of various lengths, but averaging four feet. One part of the upper side is polished, that which would be covered by the step above only rough cut; the upper side of each block has one flange about six inches broad at the back, running the whole length of the stone, and two smaller ones at right angles to it along the ends; each of the latter has one side cut flush with the end of the stone, presenting a section similar to half of a Gothic arch, forming a sort of roof to protect the joints from rain. The large flange fitted into a longitudinal groove on the under side of the step above, a smaller transverse groove receiving the lesser flanges, so placed that one joint never fell above another: the stones were fastened together with strong copper clamps.

We have endeavored all the more important results of these interesting researches. Of the thirty-six Ionic columns mentioned by Pliny, the capitals of three only have been recovered in a perfect state; but fragments of every member of the order of the Mausoleum have come to light, by which their dimensions have been fixed, and the veracity of the ancient writers, as usual, vindicated. As bearing on the much debated question respecting coloring statues, we may mention that all the architectural and sculptural decorations of the Mausoleum were painted; but the action of the atmosphere soon removed the evidences of the Greek practice of marble coloring. Beyond certain initials on some of the lions, not a solitary inscription was found on any remains belonging to the monument.

Lieutenant Smith, who accompanied Mr. Newton, has made elaborate calculations, from which the dimensions of the various parts of the building may be pretty accurately deduced. The statue of Mausolus is 9 feet 9 inches in height; from the head of the chariot—allowing for the marble block on which the chariot stood—to the summit of the supporting pyramid was 41 feet; the total height of the colossal group being, therefore, 141 feet; while the platform on which it stood could not have measured less than 24 feet by 18. The length of the pyramid would be 108, its width, 86 and its height, 23½ feet—making just 3 inches in excess of the elevation given by Pliny for the quadriga and pyramid united. He states that the pteron or colonnade was of the same height; the remains of its columns corroborate him, so that but 65 feet of his total of 140 remain unappropriated. There can be little question, from the example of the Mylasa monument, that the pteron stood upon a high and solid marble basement, that of the Mausoleum being decorated with one, and in all likelihood two rows of bas-reliefs. The spaces between the thirty-six columns would supply appropriate positions for the various colossal figures; but by what means the enormous dead-weight of the novel pyramid was safely upheld on the pteron must ever remain a mystery—an unsolvable riddle for sculptors and architects, who have rejected Lieutenant Smith's idea of a pointed supporting vault as untenable.

The effect of this splendid monumental mass, with its solid basement, its superb friezes, its graceful columns, its woodrous statues, with its white marble pyramid crowned with the majestic charioteer, rising from the rock-built terrace, and towering over the beautiful city, with the blue sky overhead, and the volcanic hills for a background, must have been something approaching the sublime: even now we cannot but regret that she to whose affection it owed its birth was denied the sight of its completed beauty.

It is much to be desired that these priceless relics of antiquity were more fittingly housed than in the ugly glass-sheds which at present shelter them. Scarcely ten years have elapsed since the British Museum was completed, and already there is not a single department, save Mr. Panizzi's, that is not cribbed, cabined and confined. The Natural History collection is too crowded to be examined with any profit; the prints are, to all practical intents and purposes, buried; mineralogical specimens bidden away in drawers, while the cellars are overflowing with antiquities. Unless it is to degenerate into a gigantic curiosity-shop, it is high time something was done to remedy the evil, and we rejoice to hear that the trustees are about to bestir themselves energetically in the matter, and trust they may be enabled before long to render justice to the treasures of our national museum.—*Chambers's Journal.*

UNSPOKEN DIALOGUE.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES.

ABOVE the trailing mignonette
That deck'd the window-sill,
A lady sat, with lips firm-set,
And looks